

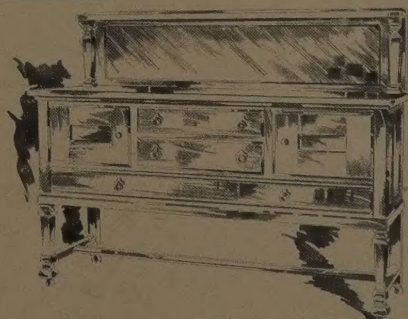
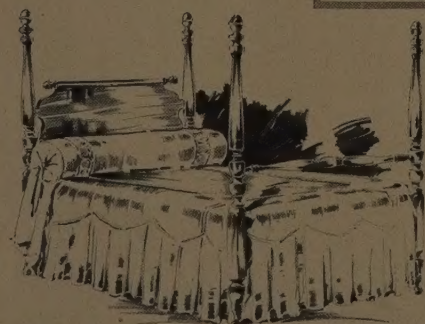
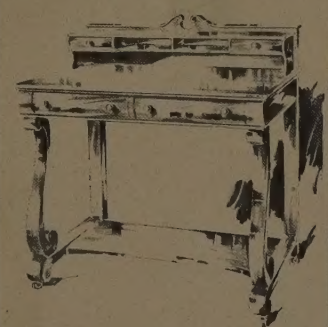
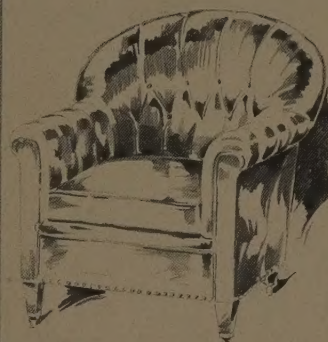
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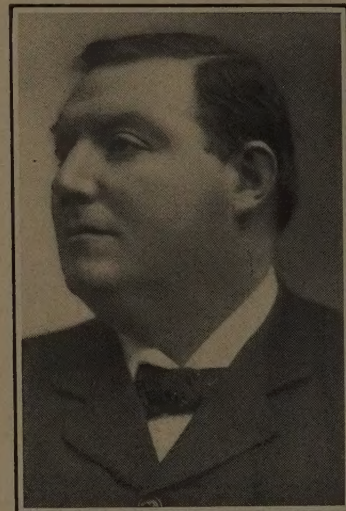
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Charles Gilibert Dead

Charles Gilibert, the well-known French baritone, died suddenly in New York, on October 12 last, from coma diabites. The singer had returned from Europe only a week before and was living alone at his apartment in the Hotel Gregorian, his wife, Gabrielle Lejeune, and eight-year-old son being still in France.

M. Gilibert was born in Paris about forty-three years ago. He studied at the Conservatoire and



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THE LATE CHARLES GILIBERT


after graduation became a member of the Opéra Comique company. His reputation as a singing actor of rare quality was, however, acquired at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, at Covent Garden in London and the two opera houses in this city.

"His great size and rather limited voice restricted him in a choice of characters," says the *New York Times*, "but he lifted many of the small parts of the repertoire into a prominence which they had never assumed before. He played parts like Dancairo in 'Carmen,' Monterone in 'Rigoletto,' and the sacristan in 'Tosca' with an imagination and perfection of technique which lifted them to the highest artistic plane. While at the Metropolitan he also won a special reputation as an interpreter of the classic Italian buffo parts like Dr. Bartolo in 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' Don Pasquale, and the traveling doctor in 'L'Elisir d'Amore.' He achieved especial distinction as Masetto in Mozart's 'Don Giovanni.' During the four years of Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House M. Gilibert was an important member of the company singing there. The emphasis laid upon French opera was particularly favorable to the exhibition of his talents, and as the father in 'Louise,' the baritone had a chance to distinguish himself in a part entirely different from those in which he had hitherto won fame. Other operas in which he sang at the Manhattan were 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' 'La Bohème,' 'The Daughter of the Regiment,' 'Contes d'Hoffmann,' and 'Le Jongleur de Notre Dame.' When Oscar Hammerstein transferred his interests to the Metropolitan Opera Company M. Gilibert was one of the artists obtained at once by that institution, and Puccini had written for him a special part in 'The Girl of the Golden West.' It was to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House and to fulfill a large number of concert dates that the baritone had returned to New York. As a concert singer to many he was even a greater artist than he was in opera. His voice, though not large, was used with great art, and his French diction was almost unsurpassed. He had no rival as a singer of old French chansons."

There were funeral services on Friday morning, October 14, before the shipment of the body to France, at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, on West Twenty-third Street. Mr. Gatti-Casazza gave permission for several of the singers of the Metropolitan Opera House to take part. Among them were Miss Rita Fornia, Mlle. Marianne Flahaut and Herbert Witherspoon. Mr. Clarence Mackey and Mr. Oscar Hammerstein were among others present.

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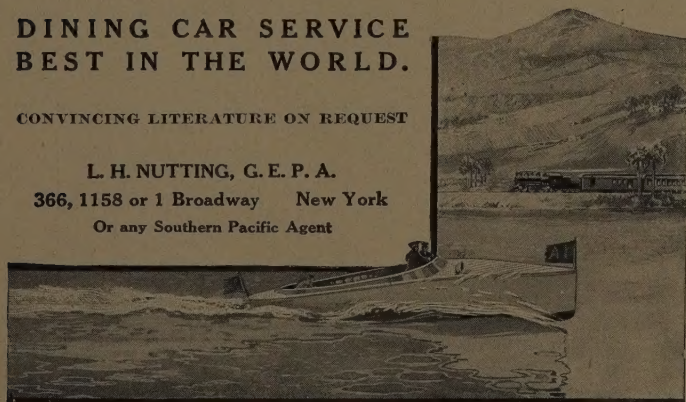
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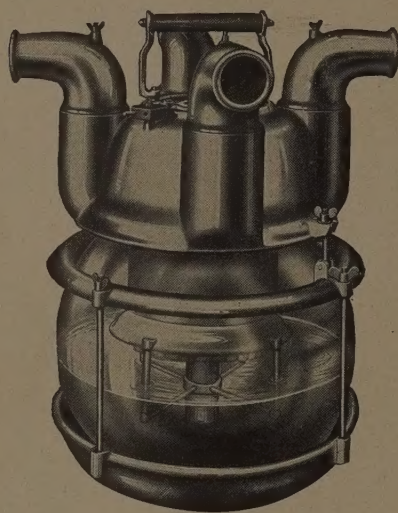
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Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

C. T. C., Providence—Q.—In what numbers have you published large portraits in private dress of E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe and John Drew? A.—In the August, 1910, number appeared a full-page plate of E. H. Sothern; the cover of the April, 1905, shows Julia Marlowe, and there is a large portrait of John Drew in the December, 1909, number.

A Reader—Q.—In what will Lulu Glaser be seen this season? A.—In "The Girl and the Kaiser."

E. M. W.—Q.—What was the original cast of "The Round-Up" as first presented in New York? A.—"Slim" Hoovoy, Maelyn Arbuckle; Jack Payson, Orme Caldara; Dick Lane, Wright Kramer; Rud Lane, Joseph M. Lotbalian; Jim Allen, Elmer Grandin; Sage Brush Charlie, H. S. Northrup; Fresno, Charles Abbe; Show Low, S. L. Richardson; Parenthesis, Charles Martin; Buck McKee, Harold Hartsell; Peruna, John J. Pierson; Timber Wiggins, "Texas" Cooper; Rev. Samuel Price, Fulton Russell; Echo Allen, Florence Rockwell; Josephine, Marie Taylor; Polly Hope, Julia Drew. Q.—Will John Westley appear in "The Upstart" this year? A.—Mr. Westley was recently appearing in "The Family" at the Comedy Theatre, this city. He recently closed an engagement in "The Upstart."

C. D. K., Cincinnati, O.—Q.—Kindly give a biographical sketch of Elsie Janis. A.—Elsie Janis was born in Columbus, O. She made her stage debut in 1898. In 1901 she made her first appearance on the vaudeville stage. In 1904 she was starred in "The Belle of New York" and later in "The Fortune Teller." It was in 1905 that she appeared at Hammerstein's Music Hall with the imitations that won her instant popularity. Later she again appeared in musical comedy, starring in "The Little Duchess" which was followed by "The Vanderbilt Cup." She was last seen in "The Fair Co-Ed" and has just opened in a new play entitled "The Slim Princess."

Robinson, Pittsburg—Q.—Can you give me the casts of "Peter Pan" and "Love Watches," as presented in New York? A.—Following is the cast of "Peter Pan" as presented at the Empire Theatre on November 6, 1905: Peter Pan, Maude Adams; Mr. Darling, Ernest Lawford; Mrs. Darling, Grace Henderson; Wendy, Mildred Morris; John, Walter Robinson; Michael, Martha McGraw; Nana, Charles H. Weston; Tinker Bell, Jane Wren; James Hook, Ernest Lawford; Smee, Thomas McGrath; Starkey, Wallace Jackson; Great Big Little Panther, Lloyd Carleton; Tiger Lily, Margaret Gordon; Liza, Anna Wheaton. The cast of "Love Watches," presented in New York at the Lyceum Theatre on August 27, 1908, is: Count Andre De Juigny, Cyril Keightley; Ernest Augarde, Ernest Lawford; The Abbe Merlin, W. H. Crompton; Mons. Carteret, Stanley Dark; Germain, Horace Porter; Francois, William Claire; Chauffeur, William Edgar; Jacqueline, Billie Burke; Lucie de Montfontaine, Maude Odell; Marquise de Juigny, Kate Meek; Charlotte Bernier, Louise Drew; Baroness de St. Ermin, Isabel West; Christine, Ida Greely-Smith; Solange, Anne Bradley; Rose, Laura Clement; Louise, Maud Love; Maid, Charlotte Shelby.

H. S. M., New York—Q.—Can you give me an account of the career of Nora Bayes? A.—The Norworth Publishing Company of New York issues a souvenir book giving a full account of the career of M. B. Bayes. J. M. A. F.—Q.—Is it true that Maude Adams will appear in London this season? A.—It is not likely as some time in January Maude Adams will appear in the rôle of the Rooster in "Chantecler" in New York. Q.—Have you interviewed Miss Adams? A.—In September, 1908, appeared an interview with Maude Adams. Many articles dealing with her personality and career have appeared in our pages since.

A Reader—Q.—Are Dustin Farnum and Marshall Farnum brothers? A.—Yes. Q.—In what will Dustin Farnum appear this season? A.—He will tour in "Cameo Kirby" previous to presenting a new play.

J. L., Washington—Q.—Where may I procure some information regarding early theatrical conditions? A.—There is an article entitled "Amusements in Old New York" in the November, 1909, number of the THEATRE which gives some interesting data on the subject.

Isabelle E., Washington—Q.—In what number did you publish a colored portrait of Billie Burke, showing her in her furs? A.—The cover of the March, 1908, number.

Shreveporter—Q.—Give me a brief account of David Warfield's career. A.—Born in San Francisco, David Warfield from early boyhood was always more or less connected with the theatre. It was in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" in 1888 that he appeared in his first rôle. In 1890 he came to New York City and shortly appeared under the management of William A. Brady. Then followed other engagements until his appearance at the Casino Theatre in "About Town," "The Merry World," "In Gay New York," "The Whirl of the Town" and "The Belle of New York." For three years he was a member of the Weber and Fields Company and in 1901 he came under the management of David Belasco, appearing in "The Auctioneer," then in "The Music Master" and "A Grand Army Man."

A Reader, San Francisco—Q.—Have you published any pictures of Robert Mantell? Where can I get portraits of him as "Hamlet" and "Louis XI"? A.—Many reproductions of Robert Mantell have appeared in our pages. As "Hamlet" in January, 1905, and as "Louis XI" in January, 1909.

M. O., St. Louis—Q.—Who played the rôle of Michal in "The Shepherd King"? A.—May Buckley appeared in the rôle of Michal in the production of "The Shepherd King" at the New York Theatre in May, 1904. Q.—Has Edna May arranged to return to the stage? A.—No. Q.—Can you give me a brief sketch of Frances Starr's life? A.—She was born in Oneonta, N. Y. With the Frederic Bond Stock Company in Albany she made her stage debut in 1900. Her training came chiefly through this kind of work with which she was associated for five years, appearing in San Francisco, New York, Boston and Albany. In 1906 she was seen in the leading rôle of "Gallop" with Charles Richman, and it was while with this engagement that David Belasco became interested in her work and engaged her to support David Warfield in "The Music Master." Her first starring rôle was as Juanita in "The Rose of the Rancho," and this was followed by her greatest success in "The Easiest Way."

Charles H. Hayes—Q.—Have you published a picture of Miss Gladys Wynne, lately seen in "The Servant in the House"? A.—Yes, in our August, 1908, issue.

A Subscriber—Q.—In what plays has Elsie Janis appeared since leaving vaudeville? A.—"The Little Duchess," "The Vanderbilt Cup," "The Fair Co-Ed" and "The Slim Princess."

"H. Columbia"—Q.—Is it correct that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will soon retire from the stage? A.—Her retirement is not imminent, for she is now visiting the United States for an extended tour and will be seen in many of her famous rôles.

M. L. E., New York—Q.—In what number of the THEATRE may I find a review of "The Dollar Princess"? A.—In October, 1909. Q.—What is Valli Valli's correct name? A.—As far as we know Valli Valli is the correct name. She is an English girl.

Subscriber—Q.—In what number of the THEATRE did a recent photograph of Madame Nazimova appear? A.—In August, 1909. Q.—Will Frances Starr again be seen in "The Easiest Way"? A.—Yes. She is at present touring in this play.

J. A. Y.—Q.—Will E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe co-star again? A.—Yes, in Shakespearean repertoire.

V. P. Omaha—Q.—Where can I get some good character songs for a vaudeville sketch? A.—Write to any of the song publishing houses.

New Dramatic Books

"The Tragedy of Hamlet." By Henry Frank. Boston. Sherman, French & Company. 1910.

This is a psychological study by a writer well qualified for the undertaking. Mr. Frank is the author of various valuable and entertaining works in the field of this kind of research, among his books being "Modern Light on Immortality," "The Triumph of Truth" and "The Mastery of Mind." His present study is a contribution to a subject about which much has been written and is a worthy addition to Shakespeariana. As to Hamlet's insanity he makes the clear distinction between Hamlet's reasonable conduct in assuming insanity and in those situations where he was clearly a victim of monomania. The author's conclusion is at once curious and conclusive. His discussion of the play and the characters in all their aspects is comprehensive and interesting.

Books Received

MOLIERE. His Life and His Works. By Brander Matthews. Illustrated. 385 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BRONSON HOWARD. Illustrated. Cloth. 130 pp. New York: The Marion Press.

REBECCA. Novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated. Cloth. \$1.50 net. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

IF DAVID KNEW. Novel by Frances Aymar Matthews. Illustrated. Cloth. 325 pp. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

A BUSINESS MAN IN THE AMUSEMENT WORLD. By Robert Grau. Illustrated. 362 pp. New York: Broadway Publishing Company.

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Melba was born Nellie Mitchell, at Burnley, near Melbourne, Australia. The singer came to Europe in 1886, and began to study under Mme. Marchesi, making such rapid progress that she was pronounced ready for the stage one year afterwards. Her début was made in Brussels in 1887 under the name of Melba (derived, of course, from her native city), and her success was immediate.

Melba is to-day singing with the same delightful freshness, purity and power that have enthralled her audiences in the past. The great singer has this season renewed her successes in England in her appearances at the Covent Garden Opera, and in her present concert tour is endearing herself anew to the public by her incomparable singing and winning personality.

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Mr. James Huneker in
"Mezzotints in Modern Music," P. 220

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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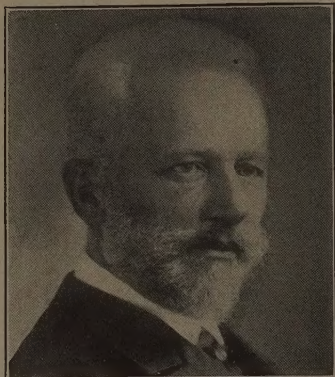
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY,

Published Monthly by
Telephone, 6486 Murray Hill

8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

OPINIONS!

May 19, 1891.



Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.

Gentlemen:

It gives me much pleasure to tell you how much I have been delighted with the beautiful Knabe Grand which I have had for my private use. It combines with great volume of tone, rare sympathetic and noble tone color and perfect action. I rejoice at the prospect that on my second visit to America, which I trust will be soon, I shall again be able to secure the use of a Knabe Grand.

With kind wishes,

Most truly,

P. TSCHAIKOVSKY.

Thus the great Russian composer, who has left the world in his symphonies and orchestral scores an enduring monument to his fame, wrote nearly a score of years ago in referring to

The Knabe Piano

Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.

I have had the pleasure to prove your piano and have become very enthusiastic.

The sweetness of its tone transports the soul and makes one dream of strange worlds where dwell the spirits elect.

It is incomparable in strength and roundness, and I attest to the grand impression received.

With great respect, I salute you,

GIACOMO PUCCINI.

Milano, June 21, 1910.

The above is the opinion of Giacomo Puccini, the greatest living Italian composer, on the Knabe piano. Signor Puccini is the composer of "La Boheme," "Tosca," "Mme. Butterfly," etc. His visit to the United States this winter for the production of his latest opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," will mark an epoch in the musical affairs of this country.



The World's Best Piano

is truly a product which for nearly four score years has uninterruptedly enjoyed the admiration of that great tribunal which is composed of the World's highest musical authorities and that of the discerning public. Perfected by the desire of its builders always to excel their latest efforts, it is an art product worthy of your investigation and a desirable instrument to perpetuate in your own home.

Wm. KNABE & Co., New York City

THE THEATRE

VOL. XII

NOVEMBER, 1910

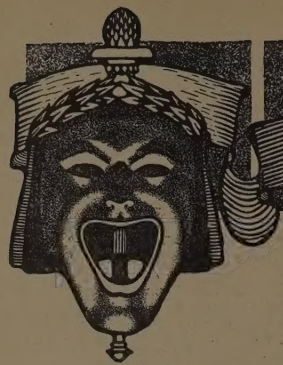
NO. 117

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres.; Louis Meyer, Treas.; Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



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MR. FRED TERRY, WHO HAS COME TO AMERICA TO PLAY IN "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"
Mr. Terry is a brother of Ellen Terry. He was born in 1864 and made his stage debut in 1880 with the Bancrofts. After a number of provincial engagements he joined Henry Irving at the London Lyceum. In 1896 he came to America with John Hare and was seen as Lucas Cleeve in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." In 1900 he went into management at the Haymarket with Julia Neilson, whom he married.



AT THE PLAYHOUSE



NEW THEATRE. "THE BLUE BIRD."
Play in two acts by Maurice Maeterlinck.
Produced October 1 with the following cast:

Mummy Tyl.....	Ethel Brandon	Light.....	Margaret Wycherly
Daddy Tyl.....	Reginald Barlow	Granny Tyl.....	Eleanor Carey
Tytl.....	Gladys Hulet	Goffer Tyl.....	Robert McWade, Sr.
Mytyl.....	Irene Brown	Night.....	Eleanor Moretti
Fairy Berylune.....	Louise Glosser Hale	Cold-in-the-Head.....	Berta Donn
Bread.....	Robert E. Homans	The Boy Lover.....	Martha McGraw
Fire.....	Pedro de Cordoba	The Girl Lover.....	Clairborne Campbell
Tyle.....	Jacob Wendell, Jr.	The Blue Child.....	Claribel Campbell
Tylette.....	Cecil Yapp	The Unborn Tyl.....	Emmett Hampton
Water.....	Gwendolyn Valentine		
Milk.....	Elizabeth H. Van Sell		
Sugar.....	Georgio Majeroni		

The *Bulletin* of the New Theatre has this note: "Mr. Maeterlinck wrote 'The Blue Bird' at his famous estate, the Abbey of Saint Wandrille, near Rouen, and, though filled with all the mystic philosophies of which he alone is past master, he was so little concerned with its actual stage presentation that it was only by strategic methods that he was induced to attend the final dress rehearsal in London." We do not believe that Maeterlinck was indifferent to the actual stage presentation of his poetic masterpiece, and certainly not because he was filled with mystic philosophies. He wrote the piece to be acted. He writes plays to be acted, hence the Abbey of Saint Wandrille. In all likelihood, he modestly realized that the mechanics of production were not within the province of a dreamer, and that the fate of "The Blue Bird" was in the hands of its captors. He had done his part. He could not be expected to turn the switchboards for electrical effects or to train the ballets. He also had reason to fear (or know) that certain spiritual effects were beyond the combined powers of mechanical stagecraft. At all events, the New Theatre had in its hands an undertaking worthy of its high purposes and resources. It has done well with it. It could have done better only if, in addition to its mechanical force, it had employed, as assistant producer, an interpreter speaking at least six different languages of the soul. To the eye the production is beautiful, so beautiful and so chaste that only hypercriticism could choose to dwell on a scenic blur here and there. It is the spirit of the poetic play that is as elusive as the Blue Bird itself.

The story is as simple as that of any familiar fairy tale. Tytl and Mytyl, boy and girl, the children of a poor woodchopper, are left in bed asleep as the old people tiptoe out and softly close the door. Presently they wake up, feverish with the excitement of Christmas Eve, and open the window to watch some neighboring revelry. They are vis-

ited by the good Fairy Berylune, with whom they gladly go in quest of the Blue Bird, meaning Happiness. To the boy she gives a green cap set with a diamond, by turning which the souls of even inanimate things come to serve you. Fire, Water, Light, Sugar, Milk, Bread, the Dog and the Cat respond in human form, and off they go on their journey, little Mytyl, we think, more duly appreciative of the Blue Bird lark than some of her elders, as, indeed, no art can surpass the charm of the running dance of a child. Let Fire leap as he may with his scarlet tinsel, he can never be human like our little Mytyl. The Dog, with his emotional whine, and the Cat with discreet mewling, and all the elements called to life, vanish dancing. The play has begun, but before all this we have had a very beautiful dance of the Hours.

The story is in possession of the world for all time in book form, so that we need not now give all its details. The production itself does not do so. It omits the real climax of the action in which the Trees attack the voyagers, unforgiving and fierce, because Tytl and Mytyl are the children of woodchoppers. Here it is that the Dog performs services that should entitle him to live after the voyage or dream is over, and that would make it all the more pathetic when the curtain goes down as he whiningly scratches at the door of his little master, who has abandoned him. The omitted scene, however, is a bit of baffling symbolism. In the matter of Symbolism there are millions of people who belong to the infant class, and whether or not a large book explaining the symbolism of the play will dispel our ignorance of the mystical, remains to be seen. Without disputing the value of that symbolism, which is not clear to all people, the play is lovely and poetic on its human side. What a soul-stirring fancy it is when the children are transported to the Land of Memory, there to find and to be welcomed by the Grandparents and their little lost brothers and sisters, unchanged and just as they were when they lived on earth. A graveyard is transformed into a stretch of flowers, and then the happy reunion at the old farmhouse. This scene cannot by any possibility be acted up to the demand of the human heart and imagination. The Land of Memory is a charming little play of itself. The Kingdom of the Future is the companion feature of the play. It is more difficult to present satisfactorily than the Land of Memory. The idea, the fancy, is more potent than any



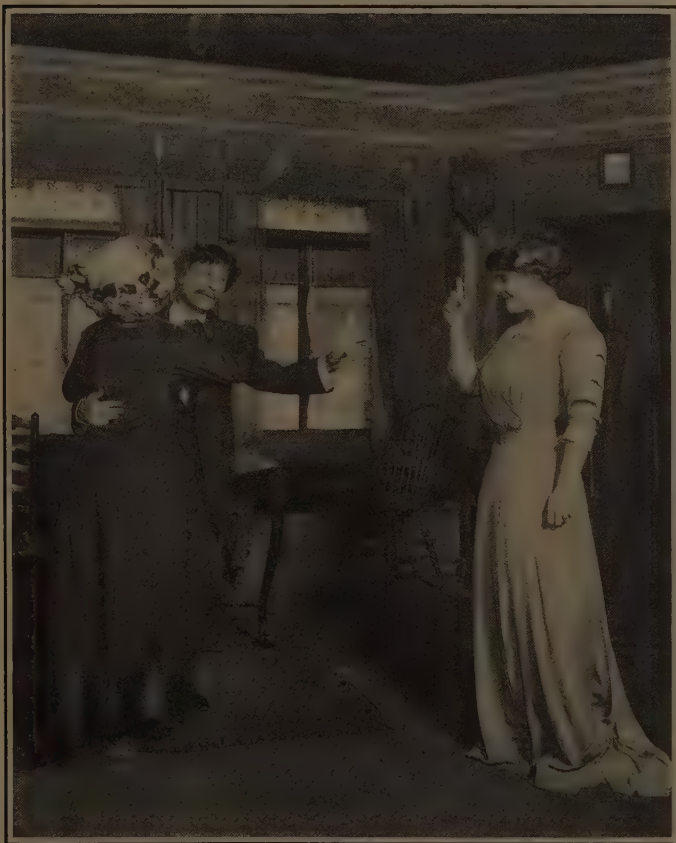
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JAMES B. CARSON AND MARIE CAHILL
In "Judy Forgot" at the Broadway Theatre

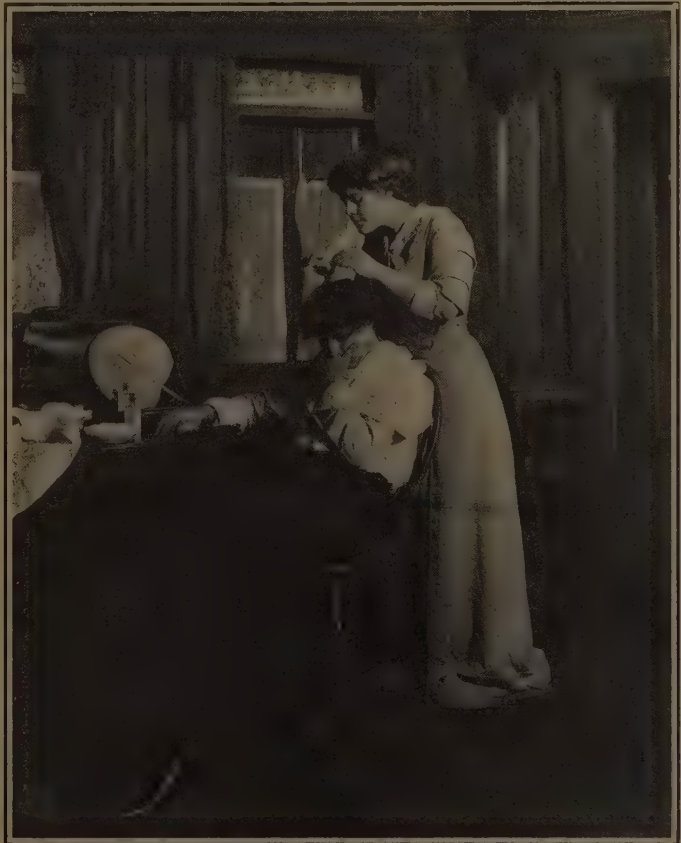
Scenes in the New Comedy "The Concert" at Belasco's Theatre



Byron Jane Grey Leo Ditrichstein William Morris Janet Beecher
ACT II. HELEN (JANET BEECHER): "I SEE YOUR LITTLE TRAP, GABOR, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME"



Byron Alice Leel Polloch Leo Ditrichstein Janet Beecher
ACT III. ARANY: "PETSIE, THIS TIME I COULD NOT HELP IT"



Byron Leo Ditrichstein Janet Beecher
ACT III. HELEN: "AND NO MORE PRIVATE CONCERTS?"

of the million little plays that might be elaborated from it. Every man could write his own play from it. And the dreams of every woman would match Maeterlinck. In what land the scene is laid we know not, but thither comes Father Time in his galleon, with its swelling sails, with only room enough for a few at a time. Many children are eager to slip by him, but he chooses them according to their hour. Without cherubs to play this scene, it is not entirely possible. It is barely possible to be acted, and the idea is so beautiful that we feel that it would be impiety to criticize its shortcomings, as few and as immeasurable as they were. The spectacular parts of the production, beautiful as some of them were, may be passed over as matters of course at this house. The Palace of Night was the most successful in its impression. In a play with so many characters, many bits of acting were entrusted to actors of distinction, as may be seen by reference to the cast. We prefer to say that "The Blue Bird" and the genius of Maeterlinck lent them all, the best of them, opportunity and distinction; they did their work faithfully, and in no case did they discredit Maeterlinck, and that is enough. In some cases Maeterlinck has set impossible tasks for the stage producer. The actor is yet to be born who can act Bread satisfactorily.

BELASCO. "THE CONCERT." Comedy in three acts by Herman Bahr, adopted by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced October 4 with this cast:



CECIL YAPP AS THE CAT IN "THE BLUE BIRD"

of course, count for much in the comedy's success. There is nothing particularly new in a dramatist finding humorous material in the eccentricities of a musical celebrity, while the idea of a deceived husband and a deceived wife entering into a temporary alliance, in order to bring their respective truants back to the conjugal fold, has been used in plays without number. The chief merit of this play, and the real secret of its hold on the audience, is the clever portrait it presents of the eccentric pianist, the irresponsible, temperamental child, superb in his supreme egotism, thirsty for excitement, making everybody around him

Gabor Arany....Leo Ditrichstein
Dr. Dallas.....Wm. Morris
McGinnis.....John W. Cope
Helen Arany.....Janet Beecher
Flora Dallas.....Jane Grey
Eva Wharton....Alice L. Pollock
Mrs. McGinnis...Belle Theodore
Miss Merk....Catherine Proctor
Fanny Martin...Edith Cartwright
Claire Flower...Marg. Bloodgood
Natalie Moncrieff...Adel. Barrett
Edith Gordon...Cora Witherspoon
Georgine Roland...Elsie Glynn
Laura Sage.....Edna Griffin
Mrs. Lennon-Roch..Kath. Tyndall

David Belasco has another substantial success on his hands, and he deserves all of it. Nothing more delightful artistically or more completely satisfying in the way of pure comedy than "The Concert" has been seen on the local boards for many a day. When it is stated that the production itself is all that the genius of the greatest master of stagecraft of our time can make it, and that the piece is exceptionally well acted by Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, and an unusually competent cast, it is easy to understand that the vogue of Herr Bahr's play in Europe promises to be more than duplicated here. The excellence of the acting, especially of the principal rôles, and the studied elaboration of the stage settings, must,



Byron Fire (Pedro de Cordoba) Bread (Robert E. Homans) Milk (Elizabeth H. Van Sell) Tyle, the Dog (Jacob Wendell, Jr.)
Sugar (Georgio Majeroni) Tylette, the Cat (Cecil Yapp) Light (Margaret Wycherly)
The principal characters in the play following the lead of Light (Miss Wycherly)
CHARACTERS IN MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S SYMBOLICAL PLAY "THE BLUE BIRD" AT THE NEW THEATRE

crazy, neglecting his wife, allowing silly pupils to load him with flowers, gush over him and make love to him—all for \$10 a lesson.

Gabor Arany, finding himself unable to resist the tumultuous passion which his masterly playing has awakened in the bosom of one of his pupils—Mrs. Dallas, wife of a physician—succumbs to the lady's charms, and on the pretext of going to play at a concert, betakes himself with his inamorata to a cosy little

and consternation, his wife, to whom he is secretly devoted, now addresses Dr. Dallas as "Fred, dear," and he calls her "Helen." Mrs. Arany explains that as long as he can be happy with Mrs. Dallas she is going to marry Mrs. Dallas's husband. The musician's discomfiture, his vanity and impracticability, his absolute dependence on his wife, who is also a mother to him—all this is brought out in a succession of delightfully amusing scenes. The outcome, of course, can be guessed. The contrite Mrs. Dallas



Byron

Night (Eleanor Moretti) and her handmaidens rejoicing in the recovery of the dead blue birds
SCENE IN MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S SYMBOLICAL PLAY "THE BLUE BIRD" AT THE NEW THEATRE

bungalow, which he owns in the Catskills. An anonymous letter, written by another pupil crazed with jealousy, warns the physician of his wife's escapade. Mrs. Arany has also received information from the same quarter. The physician comes to her and makes a businesslike proposition. He loves his wife, but if she and Arany greatly love each other, he will not stand in the way of their happiness. Mrs. Arany consents to this arrangement, and they depart for the Catskills together. The second act discloses the interior of the bungalow. Gabor and Mrs. Dallas arrive. The pianist is inclined to be flirtatious, but Mrs. Dallas, already regretting the step she has taken, keeps him at a distance. They quarrel, but he sits down and plays a piece by Schumann with such feeling that he wins her back. While the couple are thus tenderly engaged, Mrs. Arany and the physician arrive. At first Gabor expects trouble, but the doctor reassures him. He says he is quite ready to relinquish his wife, if she assures him that she loves the pianist. She says she does. He asks the same question of the musician. The latter refuses to answer, but driven into a corner, he shouts angrily: "Yes—yes—yes." Really, he does nothing of the kind. He enjoyed a little flirtation, but now, confronted with the necessity of marrying the silly little woman, he is panic-stricken. Moreover, to his amazement

returns home with the physician, while the eccentric Gabor sits docilely in a chair and lets his wife "touch up" his golden locks with a hair dye.

Mr. Ditrichstein can hardly be too highly praised for his impersonation of the brilliant, irresponsible musician. Hitherto known chiefly as a clever actor of farce, in this finished characterization he reveals himself as a comedian of the first rank. His Gabor Arany is a dramatic portrait that will live in the annals of the stage. Janet Beecher was very charming as the resourceful wife, and Miss Jane Grey acted with spirit the part of Mrs. Dallas. William Morris was forceable as the physician. A clever bit was contributed by John Cope as an Irish servant.

BROADWAY. "JUDY FORGOT." Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Avery Hopwood. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced October 6th with this cast:

Freddie Evans.....	Arthur Stanford	John Mugg.....	Bert Baker
Elsa, a Maid.....	Anna Ford	Rosa	Ethel Johnson
Francois.....	H. P. Woodley	Betty James.....	Hazel Kingdon
Dr. Kuno Lauberscheimer.....	J. B. Carson	Virginia Ellwood.....	Emila Barnabo
Trixie Stole.....	Truly Shattuck	Dorothy Lewis.....	Evelyn Graham-Smith
Dixie Stole.....	Joseph Santley	Fanny DeKalb.....	Anna Hoffman
	Judy Evans.....		Miss Cahill

It was Judy who Forgot. She was on her wedding trip in the Swiss Inn in Innsbruck, where the enterprising students have

flowers conveyed to her by the waiters and throw posies through the windows, whereupon a honeymoon quarrel breaks out, in the course of which she hurls epigrams and bouquets at her husband, and leaves, saying that she intends to forget him. In a railway collision she receives some jolts that cause her to forget who she is. She finds herself at Marienbad at Dr. Kuno Lauberscheimer's sanitarium, having in the collision taken up a traveling bag belonging to another newly wed. She has to be humored in her belief that she is somebody else. She accepts the attentions of the new husband with a good deal of comical perplexity, at one time, when he offers to embrace her, pushing him off and saying, "Just one moment" (fixing her hair). "How dare you!" This farcical coquetry with the situation is very amusing. Miss Marie Cahill possesses the true comedy spirit. Humor is commonly believed to be a masculine trait, but here is a woman who is as artistic as any comedian, making her points with as much sureness in every detail as the nature of the case requires. She abduces sentimentality in song, word and deed, and, while piquantly attractive, she is as jolly a companion as any audience could ask for. The farce itself does not hold out long, and it is of the kind that may be found strewed along the line of the march of the drama these many years. The general condition of the farcical situation is not abandoned, but recourse is had to specialties that are happily plumped in without any bearing on the action. One of the most amusing of these is where Judy, seated with her companion behind the front of an opera box, which has been brought in, gives a scene of fashionable loud talking at the opera while Caruso is singing. Her gossip about people present, and her entire ignorance of the opera itself are extremely amusing. Another specialty of a like kind is where a débutante, at the theatre, chatters about various actors and actresses, making observations about them that are more or less to the point, and mixing up their marital relations in great confusion. Miss Cahill has two capital songs. "Good Morning, Judge," in which she talks with the judge, in various characters, when brought before him, is very droll. Another song is "Whoop-Là!" Its intonations are the very opposite of what is implied in the swelling title. With "Thinky, Thanky, Thank," she dances the Judy waltz with Mr. Carson. Altogether she contributes to a delightful entertainment considerably above the level of ordinary performances, for there is individuality and point in all that she does. Apart from what she does the usual elements in operas of this sort are excellent. Miss Ethel Johnson, with her winning spirit and nimble feet, is a



Photo Brown Bros.

ROBERT LORAINE AS AN AIR-MAN

It is said that Mr. Loraine, who is now in England playing in a drama called "The Man from the Sea," will shortly abandon the stage in order to devote his attention to aerial navigation, in which he is keenly interested. The above picture was taken during one of his aeroplane flights. Mr. Loraine is reported to have made a snug fortune with "Man and Superman" and subsequent investments, and will, it is said, shortly marry Miss Marie Lohr, the young English actress

feature. Miss Truly Shattuck has a good song in "My Toreador." Miss Shattuck having made this incursion into Spain fully justified Miss Cahill in singing a "Turkish Love Song." With a distinction of its own, "Judy Forgot" could not get away from these usual things, but no one will be disposed to quarrel with them. The choruses were there in plenty, sometimes blown in like thistle-down from the Elysian fields, scampering off in a panic, hurrying on again at every whisper of applause, tuneful and happy. Thus,

"Judy Forgot" is the same thing, but different, multiplied by the presence of Marie Cahill, with her natural humor and unconventional methods.

HUDSON. "THE DESERTERS." A play in prologue and 4 acts by Robert Peyton Carter and Anna Alice Chapin. Produced September 20 with this cast:

Colonel Parsons....	Fred. Truesdell
Surgeon Maj. Long....	Jas. J. Ryan
Gleason	Roy La Rue
Capt. Ward.....	Max Esberg
George Marston.....	Howard Hall
Captain Collins.....	Wm. Wray
Madge Summers.....	Helen Ware
Blanche Marston.....	Lotta Linthicum
Porky	Edward C. Howard
Reddy	Lawrence Sheehan
Ran Reilly.....	Del De Louis
Sailor	James P. Corr
Gretel	Louise Sydmet
Molly	Eleanor Stuart
Toots	Fred Hardy
Mike Durlin.....	George Phillips
Louis	Max Esberg
Mandie	Mary Mitman
Tillie	Florence Gill
James Craig.....	Orme Caldara
Black Pete.....	Roy La Rue
Officer Mulligan....	J. T. McDonald
Scrags	William Wray
Mrs. Billings.....	Eleanor Sheldon
Corporal Thwayte....	Fred Hardy

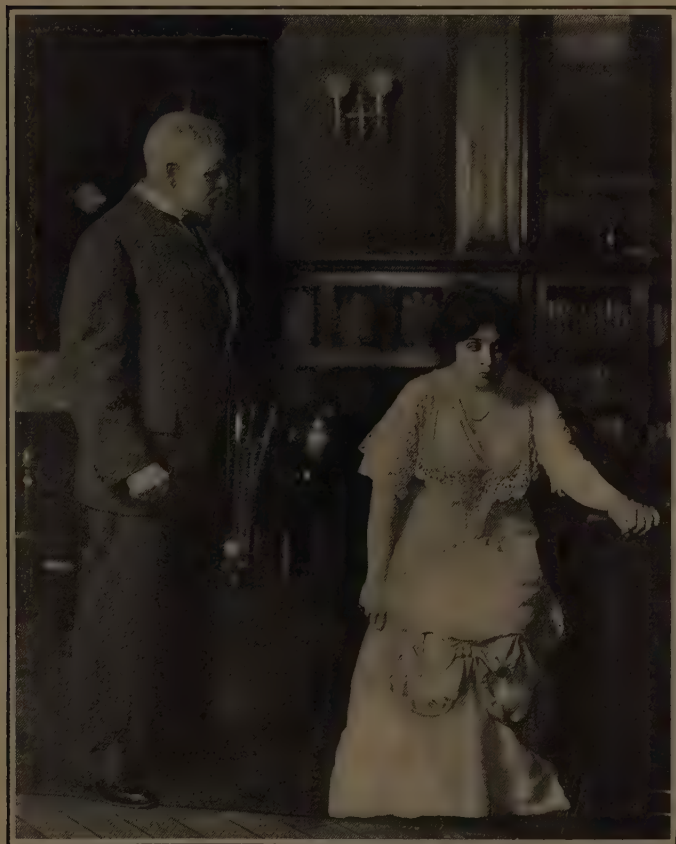
"The Deserters" is melodrama, and at no point is it anything else. It opens with a scene, designated as an "incident," played behind a gauze curtain, but which is really a prologue. The action takes place at an army post. In the quarters of a lieutenant, two officers quarrel over the wife of a Captain, in the presence of that wife, and one strikes the other down, and, thinking that he has slain him, flees, becoming a deserter. The injured man recovers, only to be shot down by the outraged husband, who enters and finds him there with his wife. Suspicion naturally falls on the deserter, and man and wife naturally conceal the facts. This, of course, is an old situation. Melodrama was born when the first man was slain, and an innocent man accused of the crime. The generic play of the kind may be said to be "Jonathan Bradford." We have it in "The Silver King," and we will have it in many a play yet to come. The deserter is sought. Madge Summers (Helen Ware) having occasion to call at the Colonel's office has done some detective work, and it is suggested to her that she take the case. She agrees to do so, but strangely enough she is not exactly informed of the facts, and does not know that the man is charged with murder. Madge is next seen in a dance hall in San Francisco. She is practically in disguise, for she is employed to entertain the guests. The deserter either happens in, or is in the habit of coming, to this dance hall, and Madge gains his confidence, in the meanwhile making arrangements for his capture. Here Miss Helen Ware

band, who enters and finds him there with his wife. Suspicion naturally falls on the deserter, and man and wife naturally conceal the facts. This, of course, is an old situation. Melodrama was born when the first man was slain, and an innocent man accused of the crime. The generic play of the kind may be said to be "Jonathan Bradford." We have it in "The Silver King," and we will have it in many a play yet to come. The deserter is sought. Madge Summers (Helen Ware) having occasion to call at the Colonel's office has done some detective work, and it is suggested to her that she take the case. She agrees to do so, but strangely enough she is not exactly informed of the facts, and does not know that the man is charged with murder. Madge is next seen in a dance hall in San Francisco. She is practically in disguise, for she is employed to entertain the guests. The deserter either happens in, or is in the habit of coming, to this dance hall, and Madge gains his confidence, in the meanwhile making arrangements for his capture. Here Miss Helen Ware

Scenes in Charles Klein's Latest Play "The Gamblers"



White George Backus DeWitt C. Jennings George Nash Cecil Kingstone William B. Mack
ACT I. THE DIRECTORS OF THE EMERSON BANKING COMPANY DISCOVER THAT THEY ARE LIABLE TO IMPRISONMENT



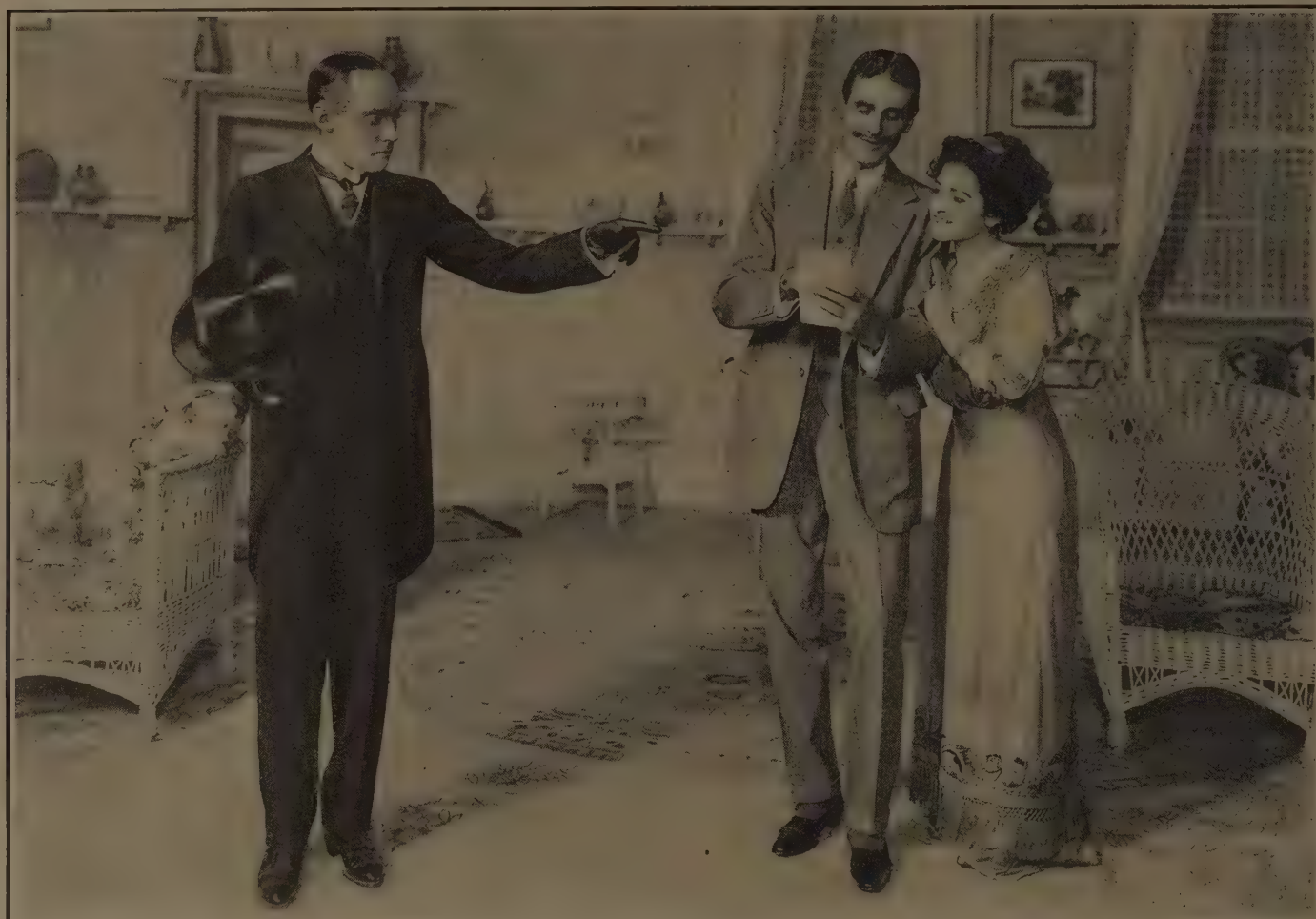
Charles Stevenson Jane Cowl
ACT II. DISCOVERING EMERSON LEAVING HIS HOUSE JAMES DARWIN RIGIDLY CROSS-EXAMINES HIS WIFE



George Nash Jane Cowl
ACT III. EMERSON IS SENTENCED TO PRISON AND CATHERINE TELLS HIM SHE WILL WAIT

sings and dances, giving evidence of considerable versatility at least. Madge has the deserter call at her room in a hotel, expecting to deliver him over to the authorities. There is a strong scene between them, in which he tells his story, and in which the love between the two is developed to dizzy heights with a suddenness known only to melodrama. She now wishes to help him escape the law. She believes that he is innocent. He does not credit her with sincerity, and reproaches her, she protesting in agony, and powerless to prevent his capture. This is reminiscent of the big scene in "Fedora." In the last act, when the deserter

title of the play, is the pet, the one female member of a string band, picturesque looking in the uniform of Austrian Hussars, and given to the playing of nocturnes. She is a dainty little Puss in Boots, and is piquantly saucy when dangling her leg from the edge of a table. An English Captain has won her heart, but he is now in love with a woman of social position, consequently, when he finds a young "waster" in debt, and desperately in need of money, he bribes him to make love to and marry the Damsel. This transaction involves \$75,000, but it removes him as a rival. The Damsel transfers her affections from the Captain to the



White

George Graham

Cyril Keightley

May Buckley

Act II. The Hon. Fitzroy Lock (Cyril Keightley) explains that it is necessary to look funereal when soliciting life insurance
SCENE IN MONCKTON HOFFE'S COMEDY "THE LITTLE DAMSEL" LATELY SEEN AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

is brought to trial, Madge, by her cross-questioning and some traps that she prepares, brings out the truth. The play will serve its purpose, and Miss Helen Ware will lose nothing by her season in it; but she is so genuine and simple and powerful in her expression of emotion that she will always appear to better advantage in a real play. In real plays she is one of the most effective actresses on the stage. The play is well produced and well acted. Mr. Orme Caldara, as the deserter, makes a real character out of a melodramatic hero. However forced some of the circumstances may be, he is natural, fervent, and meets the varying situations engagingly.

COMEDY. "THE LITTLE DAMSEL." Play in three acts by Monckton Hoffe. Produced September 24 with this cast:

Recklaw Poole.....Cyril Keightley	Franz Pepo.....Harry Fraser
Hon. Fitzroy Locke.....George Graham	Abraham.....Raphael Newman
Capt. Neil Partington.....Frank Lacy	Servant at Poole's.....Harry Child
Walter Angel.....Henry Wenman	Sybil Craven.....Mary Corse
Papa Bartholdy.....Henry Vogel	Julie Alardy.....May Buckley

"The Little Damsel," with its atmosphere of Bohemian life and its artificial lures into traps of sentiment, will serve for passing entertainment. The title itself betrays an affectation that characterizes the play. The person thus described, along with the

"waster's" money. It will be observed that all sentiment is extracted from the play at this point, and a false set of emotions have to be used. The Damsel, however, is happy; she likes her bargain. Presently, the "waster" discovers the trick played on him by the Captain, and denounces him in the presence of the Damsel and the woman from whom he had been separated. This practically brings everybody back to where they started from. Julie, the Damsel, goes back to the café and the string band. She is welcomed with pathetic attentions by old Papa Bartholdy, whose love of beer is truly Bohemian, and two sentimental youths, the pianist, and perhaps the zither player, who kneel at her feet and coo loving sympathy. The "business" of the scene and situation is that which is customary in the drama when a loved one comes back heartbroken, abandoned and ruined. But it is only the simulacrum of the old situation. It is very sad, according to the rules of tradition in stageland. The Damsel now learns that the "waster" had insured his life for her benefit, and was about to commit suicide. She forgives him. He now loves her. The little play is an artificial little gem that can hardly be told from the genuine. It is very pleasingly acted. It is announced that the author of this play, Mr. Monckton Hoffe, (Continued on page x)

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



MISS EDITH TALIAFERRO NOW APPEARING AS THE HEROINE IN "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM" AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE



Frau Pippermann (Alice Gentle) Ketchiam (Olive Ulrich) Willum (Frank Coombs) Hans (Georges Chadal) Lisbeth (Sophia Brandt) Yoris (Frank Pollock)
SCENE IN THE COMIC OPERA "HANS, THE FLUTE PLAYER" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

"Hans, the Flute Player" at the Manhattan Opera House

THE irrepressible Oscar Hammerstein is at it again. This is a brief, intimate way of letting the musical public know that he has again set the music season in swing, has again started its pace. For four years his Manhattan Opera House, and its preliminary announcement, has held the focus of attention. But now his impresario claws are clipped, and for at least ten years this lion of grand opera will roar no more, so far as New York is concerned. He has promised, for a consideration, that he would not enter the grand opera field. All this is well-known opera history—but it easily stands re-telling, as he is a man of much interest to the public.

Already the wiseacres had it all arranged in their own minds that the Manhattan Opera House would be deputed henceforth to either melodrama or moving pictures, and that all traces of those four interesting years of grand opera giving would be lighted out of memory by picture films dancing erratically before the eyes of the audience.

But they all reckoned without their host. It is true, Oscar Hammerstein promised not to produce grand opera in New York, in response to his agreement with the Metropolitan Opera House forces, but he did not promise not to produce "light opera." And "light opera" he has produced, installing at the Manhattan Opera House a capital production of "Hans, the Flute Player."

There were many in that first-night audience, when this tuneful work had its American première, who scratched their heads and rubbed their ears, and began to wonder exactly where grand

opera left off and "light opera" began. The line of demarcation is a wavering one, to say the least.

This as a preamble. Now to the work itself. Originally it is French, the music by Louis Ganne, a Frenchman known for his charming music, and the book and lyrics are by Maurice Vaucaire and Georges Mitchell. The English version was made by Algernon St. John Brennan.

In Paris, at the Apollo, and at Monte Carlo, this opera met with great success. Praising words about it have long since flashed toward these shores by cable and by enthusiastic word of mouth. So there was a reasonable amount of curiosity expressed by the attitude of the natives of the music-ridden city of New York. Hence the première resembled in some ways the opening of former grand opera seasons in this auditorium. From pit to dome the place was crowded, and when the little great man of grand opera was dragged forth on the stage, it was the occasion of tumult. He admitted in a speech that he had been forced to retire from the field of grand opera, with poignant grief, but that he hoped some day to return to New York again after he had established his grand opera institution in London—the latest of his ambitions.

But to "Hans" again. It was somewhat of a blow to those who have prated that musical entertainments of the lighter musical sort had slid from grace, so far as standards are concerned. Here is a production that is nothing short of comic opera in grand opera style. The orchestra is quite large enough for many grand

operas, and the size of the company, notably the chorus, would do credit to many a grand opera season. In the matters of scenery and costumes, this production is almost beyond reproach. On the face of it all is clearly the challenge that such production has never been attempted here before. - It must have cost a fortune to mount, and the prices prevailing are not grand opera prices, even by half.

The libretto is based upon an old legend, and its title figure is a sort of operatic first cousin to the famous Rat Catcher of Hamelin. Hans comes from afar to the town of Milkatz, a place once renowned for its doll industry and its doll fêtes, at which the dolls were exhibited, and the whole affair attended with pomp, ceremony and festivities. But that was in the dim past, for more recently the burghers of Milkatz had grown prosperous as grain merchants, and thrift has taken the place of art.

There are also the usual comic opera complications, such as Yoris, a poetic loiterer, who loves the burgomaster's daughter and she loves him, but the parents object—as they must to keep the plot boiling. There enters Hans, a weird figure; he carries in his belt an enchanted flute, and his pets are some white mice.

Milkatz is not friendly toward him, although he is quick to perceive—as the librettist intended that he should—that the burgomaster's daughter is a lovable girl, and that the poet—who is also a doll maker by trade—is a fine fellow. So he links forces with them against the whole town. And when the burgomaster opposes him he plays his flute, hypnotizes all the inhabitants of the town, so that they stand transfixed, while the cats in frenzy leap out of the proscenium flies, and drown themselves. He then liberates the mice, and the end is quickly told. The mice eat the grain, the town is in the throes of this pest, and the whole happy order of things is doomed until the rotund burgomaster offers to restore the annual doll feast, promising Hans the handsomest doll as his loot. The feast is held, and the competition is won by this

selfsame Yoris, the poet. Hans claims the doll as his own, he releases the spell, and the doll comes to life as the burgomaster's daughter. Hans then gives her to Yoris, and refusing their invitation to stay and live happily with them ever after, he wanders forth into the world to make over other cities where thrift rules over poetry and art.

That's the tale. Nothing great or original, but full of charm of a certain intimate sort. Looked at as a grand opera production of the lighter sort—as it would be were it embraced in the repertoire of a grand opera house—it would offer the most charming relief from heavier works. But, produced as it is as the single offering, it invites comparison with Broadway musical productions—and the verdict is that it lacks the necessary humor to hold the interest of the public.

So far as the music is concerned—that is quite a different story. It is full of charm, is this writing by Ganne, and its melodies are endless in profusion and dignity. The overture alone is a little gem of stirring marches and fascinating waltz movement. The orchestration is extremely clever and effective, without being in the least blatant. There are endless moments when the delicacy and grace of this music make appeal. Perhaps,



Mishkin

GEORGES CHADAL

Who sings the title rôle in "Hans, the Flute Player" at the Manhattan Opera House

too, some of the music will not set the world astrir by its brilliancy—but all that is forgotten by its simplicity and charm.

And the production is really beautiful. The title rôle is borne by a French baritone, Georges Chadal, from the Paris Opera Comique. He is a stranger to our tongue, and his accent is strongly marked by oddities of pronunciation—but that may be overlooked by the condition of the plot which specifies that Hans comes from a strange land. As a singer, Chadal is most artistic. His voice is neither very robust nor beautiful, but he uses it with discretion, and his acting is superb for one of his genre.

Sophie Brandt, she who shone in stellar force in "The Waltz Dream" at the Broadway Theatre several seasons ago, sings the rôle of the burgomaster's daughter, Lispeth. She, moreover,

sings it very well, and makes the most of her opportunities, of which there are none too many, as this is distinctly a "man's opera." Alice Gentle, a member of the Manhattan grand opera ensemble last season, was her stage mother, admirably shrewish; and Olive Ulrich was delightful as the maid Kettchen.

Of course, there must be a tenor—that is inevitable. But here he is, Frank Pollock, who sings well, bleats not at all, and convinces the audience that he has the virtue of virility in his work. Frank Doane, as Van Potts, did his best work in delivering the pretty Prologue before the curtain. George W. Calahan was a pompous and not very amusing burgomaster, and Frank Coombs was a happy, if obese, bridegroom Willum.

Wielding the baton is Josiah Zuro, who for years has been a tried and trusty chorus master at this opera house. He now had his chance to show that he is made of sterner artistic stuff, for he conducted an admirable performance, getting swing and dash and fire out of his forces and still showing a kind regard for the sentimental moments. With a big ballet, pretty stage pictures, handsome costumes, good and well trained ensemble, and altogether interesting performance, "Hans, the Flute Player," ought to be sufficiently attractive to lure audiences across Thirty-fourth Street from Broadway. Whether it will or not, or whether its charm will be lasting—that remains to be seen and heard. But if this pretty work and excellent presentation does not succeed, then the music-loving public is too tired to stray that far away from its beaten Broadway path.

With the return from abroad of Gatti-Casazza, artistic dictator of the Metropolitan Opera House forces, the plans for the season of opera in that institution take on definite hue. One change decided upon is that Humperdinck's "Königskinder" will not be sung in English, as first planned, but in its original language, German. This may be a blow to the idealists, who still spout sentimentally about singing opera in English. Well, last year's production of Converse's "Pipe of Desire" was an illustrated argument against the seriousness of their plea, for with a cast composed almost entirely of Americans, the listener was able to understand so precious little that they might easily have sung the work in Portuguese. Besides, in an opera, the music is the thing, and a beautiful melody will outlive a pleasing text by many centuries.

Engelbert Humperdinck, composer of "Königskinder," is to arrive in this country on December 6, and his work will be per-

formed at the Metropolitan about Christmas time. The chief rôle will be sung by Geraldine Farrar.

Puccini, who will come to supervise and witness the production of his "Girl of the Golden West," will sail on November 9, and immediately upon his arrival rehearsals of the work will begin. The cast selected for the "Girl"—which, as will be remembered,

is based upon Belasco's play of the same name—includes Emmy Destinn, in the title part; Caruso, as the Road Agent, and Amato, as the Sheriff.

These two works will both have their initial performance anywhere on the stage of the Metropolitan this Winter. Rumors have come to this country that all artistic Italy is up in arms protesting against the first performance taking place outside of Italy; also does report have it that dire threats have been issued against Puccini, and that he has had a nervous breakdown as the result of this state of affairs. But Gatti-Casazza denied the stories *in toto*, and said Puccini was in excellent health.

The third real novelty will be Paul Dukas' "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," a Paris success by a well-known French composer. Glück's "Armide," with Caruso as a further attraction, will be brought out as a revival—but it may as well count as a novelty, so far as the present-day New York audiences are concerned.

So it promises to be an exceptionally interesting season, especially if, added to this list, there are taken into account the novelties to be offered by the Chicago wing of the Metropolitan Company, with Andreas Dippel as artistic head. This organization will give ten performances at the Metropolitan, and Dippel has promised to bring out Richard Strauss' newest creation, "Der Rosenkavalier," a work that will have its première in Dresden some time in December.

Also is there fair hope that an American opera, "Natoma," will be produced then. It is by Victor Herbert, the libretto by

Joseph Redding. This work was composed for Oscar Hammerstein, who wished to encourage American composers.

Every liner now arriving casts ashore its quota of artists, both operatic and concert. Among the very first to set foot this season on American soil is Johanna Gadski, the eminent dramatic soprano, known equally well to operatic and concert-going audiences. This season again she is to divide her time between the two fields of artistic activity. She begins with a long concert tour, extending from one side of this broad land to the other. Then, later in the season, she is to join the Metropolitan forces, and is to assume some of her familiar rôles there.



MME. JOHANNA GADSKI AS SANTUZZA

This well-known dramatic soprano will begin with a long concert tour. Later in the season she will join the Metropolitan Opera House forces

Scenes in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" at the Gaiety Theatre



White Frances Ring Hale Hamilton Scamp Montgomery Daniel Gold Grant Mitchell
ACT I. WALLINGFORD (HALE HAMILTON): "I WANT THE BEST DOG FOOD I CAN GET"



White Frances Ring Hale Hamilton
ACT I. WALLINGFORD: "DO YOU LIVE IN THIS TOWN?"



White Fay Wallace Edward Ellis
ACT II. DOROTHY: "CAN YOU WALTZ?"

A Few Minutes' Chat with Beautiful Kitty Gordon

KITTY GORDON is dignified. You know that, of course, from having seen her do undignified things in a most stately way on the stage. The years may rob her of her youth, her beauty, her charm, but they cannot steal that other and inseparable part of her, her dignity.

Kitty Gordon is shy. The quality of shyness is often to be found mated with dignity, and it is in Miss Gordon an indissoluble union.

Kitty Gordon is a woman of few words. A paradox seemingly—isn't it?—but true, for though a woman, she is unchatty. She talks a great deal with a pair of clear, sincere, unblinking gray eyes, a little disconcerting in their straightforward fashion of studying one, but very little with her tongue. Of keenly interesting personality, suggesting so much that she does not utter, she is a chat without words.

Kitty Gordon is modest, though just now appearing in an unmodest play. Her placid English poise was deepened when someone suggested that her personality refined away some of the exceeding candor of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" It was disturbed by a fleeting frown when there was allusion to a classic back, and her remembrance that one of the actors kissed it in the play with more emphasis than the play demands.

The modesty was evident on the opening night of the play in New York, when a song, which provincial audiences had tolerated but not applauded, was wildly welcomed by the sophisticated metropolis, and the welcome required repeating the song, whose chorus was a long-drawn kiss. The audience demanded that chorus twenty times. At the twenty-first call the English singer's being was flooded with embarrassment.

She stopped singing, and hid her face on the shoulder of the young man with whom she sang, as any bashful school-girl might try to escape her amateur honors.

Kitty Gordon is beautiful. You must have noticed that, too, for it is a fact of which the most myopic person in the audience soon becomes acutely aware. But Kitty Gordon, in brown street costume, with the cruelly searching light of mid-afternoon pouring upon her from two unshaded windows, is as beautiful as in the blue and silver of her stage gown in the spot light.

She is generous, for she gives full recognition to beauty where she finds it, and brave, for she denies it where she finds it not.

"I think Maxine Elliott is perfect," she said, with a brightening and widening of the inescapable gray eyes. "I have seen her in England, never in this country. Her beauty leaves nothing to be desired. She has the perfection of a Praxiteles statue. She and Cavaliere are the most beautiful women I have ever seen."

"You have a great many beautiful women in America, but for some reason that I do not understand, they do not go on the stage. I have seen few beautiful women on the American stage. But I have not had a chance to see many plays. Perhaps when I

have lived here longer, and seen more plays, I shall change my mind. But, judging by what I have seen and heard, there are not as many beautiful women on the stage in this country as we have in England.

"Doesn't this prove it? I had been considered a good-looking woman, but never had I been talked of as a 'famous beauty' till I crossed the Atlantic. Over there I was one of the good-looking actresses of the London stage. Here I am—what you have been pleased to call me. Doesn't that prove that your supply is limited?" The logic of the argument was unanswerable.

The subject of the back that critics have considered more than her art could not be ignored. Miss Gordon's eloquent eyes laughed, but her lips remained grave at the allusion.

"I had never worn a gown low in the back until I came to this country," she said. "The idea was suggested to me here. Audiences seemed to like the gown, and I kept on wearing it in 'The Girl and the Wizard.' But in this piece the gowns are not quite so low. I didn't quite like it, and the piece didn't require it, and —"

Miss Gordon's eyes supplied what her tongue refused. She was tired of that inevitable back. She had proposed to prove that she could succeed without it, or at least with it seen through a veil dimly, and so she had done. We wagged our heads at each other as women do when they mutually understand.

"I have heard that Miss Elliott, Miss Russell, and Miss Held have discounted beauty on the stage, saying they thought it a disadvantage. I don't agree with them. I think it is a decided advantage. It is a part of a woman's equipment for success in the drama. She may succeed without it, but it will be harder work than if she

had it. You come out upon the stage looking well, and the audience is prepared to like you. Come out looking—well—ill-favored, and your work is doubled by having to overcome a prejudice."

Kitty Gordon's play, that which raised her to the starry heights, has a kissing song, a duo, in which each kiss endures for eight distinct beats, and there are many kisses, because there are many encores.

"It must have taken a great many rehearsals," I said, the wonder of the song, which I had heard the night before, still strong upon me.

"No," said the lady of the few words and the many optical remarks, "we hardly rehearsed it at all. It seemed to sing itself. People didn't pay much attention to it out of town. But on the first night in New York, when we saw how the people liked it, we seemed to suddenly learn how to sing it."

"Proving how an audience helps to play a part," said one present.

"Or spontaneous combustion," said another.

The actress said nothing, except with eyes that rebuked levity.



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KITTY GORDON AND HER DAUGHTER





Bangs

HASSARD SHORT

Appearing as Algernon Peppercorn in "Smith" at the Empire Theatre



Bangs

RUTH FINDLAY

Now playing the part of Maggie O'Flarety in "Baby Mine" at Daly's Theatre



Mojonier

ALBERT LATSCHA

Plays Walter Wetherill in "Mother" at the Hackett Theatre

I have said that Miss Gordon has an exceeding dignity. She lives in a hotel, twenty minutes' walk from the theatre where she is playing. She is "comfortable enough, as comfortable as one can expect," she says, with the Kitty Gordon moderation of speech. "I would like to take a house here, but one doesn't know how long a play will run in New York. In London it is different. If it is successful at all, it runs for six months. I have a permanent home in London, a house that has been closed for eighteen months, because my little girl is away at school, and my husband lives at the club when I am away. They are coming over to see me at Christmas."

She crossed the room and took from the mantel a picture of her little daughter, tall for her eight years, and serious looking, as are most English children, and with a mass of golden hair.

"That is Marion," she said.

Marion's mother is in private life quite another individual than Kitty Gordon, stage beauty, and singer, and actress. She is the Honorable Mrs. Henry Beresford, and between her and the title Lady Decies, there is—to put it a bit bluntly—one life. Some day we may refer to her as Lady Constance Decies, whom we few remember as Kitty Gordon of the stage. For her name is not Kitty, nor even Kate, but Constance.

I told her of the American actresses, who, when they had attained stardom, and some more years, had changed from the diminutive to the dignified name.

"Perhaps Kitty will soon become Kate on the billboards," I suggested.

She shook her head. "No, Kitty is a good name—better for the stage than Kate."

I asked whether, since appearing in the English version of the saucy German play, she had been Almaized.

"I will say," she answered slowly, "that since I have been appearing in 'Alma' I have been receiving stage letters, what you call 'mash notes,' for the first time. I find several in my mail every day."

She showed me a letter written on the stationery of a prominent club and unsigned, the writer telling her that her resemblance to a woman whom he had loved and lost was poignantly striking.

There was a huge sheaf of such letters, and I saw the beauty ruthlessly toss them into the grate, not with anger, which is at least a considerable emotion, but with indifference, which is none.

Kitty Gordon thinks that American audiences make their favorites sooner, but English audiences remember them much longer.

A. PATTERSON.



WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS WHO APPEARED IN F. ANSTEY'S "THE TABLOID HAMLET"

At the annual Casino benefit at Siasconset. The cast was as follows: Hamlet, Henry Woodruff; Polonius, George Spink; Laertes, Frank Gilmore; 1st Gravedigger, Fred Thorne; Queen, Deronda Mayo; Ophelia, Mrs. Joseph Jefferson, Jr.





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SCENE OF THE LAST SUPPER IN THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU, A REPIICA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI'S IMMORTAL MASTERPIECE

The Most Impressive Spectacle Ever Set Upon a Stage

OF the conflicting impressions—reverential, admiring, awful—that one carries away from Oberammergau after witnessing the Passion Play, one impression stands out pre-eminent and supreme. This is the most impressive spectacle ever set upon a stage by the ingenuity of man. It matters not whether you are Christian or scoffer, mere tourist or deep student of the drama, the result is the same—a conviction that here at last is that “Art of a People—Universal Art,” for which Tolstoi so eloquently pleads in his monumental study, “What Is Art?” As you alight from the little electric train and walk down the streets of this little Bavarian village, with its circuitous streets, its numerous crucifixes, and its quaintly decorated houses, you leave behind the world of modern life and re-enter a world of such antique actuality as to summon in an instant the Jerusalem of two thousand years ago. Everywhere you meet men with long, flowing frocks, exact replicas of the Biblical characters made familiar in book and illustration from childhood days; and even the children wear the air of a vanished, yet ever-living civilization.

For the stranger, who has never witnessed the Passion Play, a performance lasting continuously from eight o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon, with only a two-hour intermission (from 11.45 to 1.45), seems interminable and almost unbearable. It is a tremendous experience, indeed—a strain upon the physique, as well as a continuous wrench to the emotions. But never for a moment does one feel a sense of the superfluous or the needless. The emotive appeal is successive and cumulative—there are no *longeurs*, which we would fain dispense with. Women sob softly, men use handkerchiefs with suspicious frequency, and at times one might imagine that he was in a hall containing five thousand victims of cold in the head. Men and women alike seemed incapable of veiling their emotions—the women giving free vent to their sorrow, the men concealing their emotions under pretense of blowing their noses.

Many people have written about the Passion Play, the players,

By Archibald Henderson
*The THEATRE MAGAZINE'S Special
Correspondent at Oberammergau*

on the stage and in their homes, detailed the origin of the text, the evolution of the music, the struggles of the villagers to gain permission of the reigning authorities to continue to fulfil their pious vow, and concerned themselves with numerous other aspects of the play and its history. Few have considered it from the point of view of dramatic art—or written of it calmly as a tremendous spectacle. It is with this—the most artistically significant feature of this momentous pageant—that I wish to concern myself here.

Only in 1900 was published the present text of the Passion Play, which has been used ever since 1850. The ancient text, which had passed through numerous revisions during several centuries, was revised in 1850 by Alois Daisenberger, a pastoral shepherd of the flock in Oberammergau—this at the request of the government authorities in Munich. From this time dates the Passion Play as we know it to-day—in its integrity, in its appeal, in its classic perfection. Perhaps the most significant characteristic which marked Father Daisenberger was not his reverence, not his love for his people, not his unselfish devotion to his self-appointed and God-appointed tasks. He was, let us remember, no simple peasant, reverential but unlettered; but a profound student and lover of the classics. He translated the drama of “Antigone,” that masterpiece of Sophocles, from the original Greek into German primarily for the object of giving his people a genuine knowledge of this classic drama. His studies of the Greek drama have left the most marked and striking impress on the text of the Passion Play. The performance contains twenty-two living pictures from the Old Testament; and between the acts of the play of the Passion, these marvelous *tableaux vivants* are presented, with explanations and interpretations by a chorus of some thirty-seven voices. At times one would almost wish the chorus away, so intent is the spectator upon the development of the play of the Passion. But the chorus serves the double purpose of allowing, mechanically, for the shifting of the scenes, and of giving a choral commentary upon the prophetic foreshadowing



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ANTON LANG, A POTTER OF OBERAMMERGAU

Who took the part of Christus in the 1910 representation of the Passion Play. The photograph was autographed by Herr Lang himself

of the leading events of Christ's life by incident from the Old Testament. The stately swing of the chorus, the solemn music, the gorgeous robes of the singers—all conspire to create a memorable impression of classic dignity, authority, and impressiveness. The music is, in a sense, disappointing—dragging out its somewhat monotonous length, with only occasional souvenirs of Mozart and Beethoven.

But there are two memorable and never-to-be-forgotten mo-

ments: the prologue to the *Way to the Cross*, which, in the mournfulness of its dirge, is truly religious and soul-stirring, reminiscent of the best of Gounod; and the moment when the chorus, but now clad in brilliant costumes of Oriental richness and color, comes forth arrayed in funereal black—just prior to the scene of the Crucifixion. The *tableaux vivants* are the most remarkable I have ever seen—surpassing the best that London, or Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, has to show. All the costumes—a thousand in all—were selected by that wonderful man, the Director of the Passion Play, Herr Ludwig Lang; and all are cut out and made, according to Herr Lang's designs, by Josepha Lang, the Director's sister, and her corps of young-girl assistants. The individual tableaux are marvelous alike for the peculiarly beautiful and appropriate mingling of colors; the immobility of those engaged, and the suitability of the scenery to the shades of color in the costumes of the living participants. This mingling of the dead with the living, this union of the pictorial and the plastic arts, is incredibly perfect and wonderful. I have seen many panoramas, where objects painted on canvas are

placed cheek by jowl with real objects, with a curious cunning that escapes the first casual observation. On the Oberammergau stage, the massiveness of its proportions, the great distance of the tableaux from the spectators, the mingling of cleverly adapted color schemes, the immobility of the performers—all combine to create an effect wonderfully pictorial and artistic. In the tableau entitled "Joseph's Brethren Bringing in His Bloody Coat," so perfect was the *ensemble*, I recall, that a man and a woman, standing in front of a well at the back of the scene, seemed as if painted upon the very canvas. One criticism only: in Paris and Vienna, the painted "sets" would have been more elaborate.

Of the performance of the Play of the Passion, so much may be said that it is difficult to single out details at once characteristic and representative. All come and go with a slow grandeur of incredible realism which makes one feel, not that he is witnessing a dramatic spectacle, but conspiring, "eavesdropping," assisting at an actual series of events in real life. This impression, a most real one as transmitted by the players themselves, is rendered even more real in that the end of the theatre is open, and we look out upon the hillsides of Bavaria—or is it Judea—and watch the clouds drift across the sky, while Lang—or is it a re-incarnation?—walks his tragic path to the Crucifixion.

It would be a great error to call Anton Lang a great actor—for he is something less than an actor, and yet something infinitely greater and higher. In very truth, he is not an actor at all—he is perhaps an impersonator. In fact, he *lives* the part of the Christus in a manner so simple, so unaffected, so gentle, that he creates the ideal illusion—the tremendous illusion that we are witnessing a scene from real life. Schooled for years in self-restraint, in sternly modulated accord with the facts, the very likeness, even to

facial details, of the Master, Lang to-day offers a performance far more natural, and more profoundly forceful, than that he gave ten years ago. We feel the gentle Saviour in his every word, more particularly in his subdued and caressing gestures of benediction and all-abiding sweetness. Where he rises to indignation in driving the money-changers from the Temple, his motions are the motions, less of indignation, than of noble rebuke; and nothing could exceed in gentleness the graceful humility with which he washes the feet of the disciples.

The pictorial beauty of the Last Supper is indescribable—it can only be likened to Leonardo da Vinci's immortal masterpiece, of which it is a humanly glorified replica. The Descent from the Cross, in reminiscence of the classic picture of Rubens, is equally memorable from the pictorial and artistic standpoint. The Crucifixion scene, stamped upon the memory in a thousand representations, is here so terribly realistic that an audible shudder rises from that vast audience when the Roman soldier pierces the side of Him crucified, and then gushes forth a dark-red stream—as it were His very life blood; and the "Seven

Sayings of Christ" while He is on the Cross are uttered with a supreme mastery of living actuality. Many scenes in the course of this supreme drama of the world—a drama both human and divine—are inexpressibly moving and pathetic—the entrance into Jerusalem, Christ's parting from his mother, the scene of the scourging, etc. Most crushingly affecting of all, however, is the scene in which the Christ, staggering under the burden of the Cross, is met by Veronica, who hands him a cloth to wipe His bleeding face.

VERONICA: O Lord! How thy face is covered with blood and sweat! Wilt thou not wipe it?

CHRIST: Compassionate soul! The Father will reward thee.

Two scenes in which Lang appears, alone seem worthy of critical dispraise. From the standpoint of stage technique, the Ascension is badly managed, and fails to create the desired illusion; in future performances the advice of that master of modern stage technique, Max Reinhardt, should be sought. The other scene is the tremendous scene upon the Mount of Olives. Only here did I feel that Lang was *thinking of his audience*, and carefully calculating the effect of his words, the pitch of his voice, and the propriety of his gestures. Yet it must be remembered, in extenuation,



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JOHANN ZWINK

The clever and versatile Judas, the one great histrionic genius of the Passion Play



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THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS, REMINISCENT OF THE CLASSIC PICTURE OF RUBENS



White Chrystal Herne as Dora Milton Sills as Julian Beaulere
SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "DIPLOMACY" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

that the scene, in volume of anguish, is *superhuman*—a scene which, if presented upon the stage of cosmopolitan centres, like London or New York, would be utterly unendurable. From the standpoint of the dramatic critic, the most highly charged emotional crisis of the play is the scene in which Mary encounters her son on the way to Calvary. Accompanied by John and her friends, she comes upon the main street from one of the side streets of Jerusalem, utterly unconscious of the terrible sight soon to greet her; the suspense is an art-creation of the highest order, for the audience sees Jesus, bearing the cross, nearing the intersection of the streets long before he actually reaches it, and comes face to face with his mother. This is a scenic "situation" belonging to art of the very highest order; it prepares us, subtly, for a tragic meeting and disclosure unsuspected by the principals—essentially Sophoclean in its tragedy. Such a scene is capable of achievement only on a stage of such dimensions.

In sweetness, dignity, and untheatricality, the Mary of Otilie Zwick was, somewhat above my anticipation—though she possessed a notably weak instrument. Her youth—the part, according to iron tradition, must be taken by a virgin—was not in striking contrast to the age of Christ. Indeed, Lang looked as though he might have been her son; he looked, sacrilegiously apart, as if he might have been the Son of God, except that he was a trifle stouter than the Christ of art and of tradition. The Mary Magdalene of Marie Mayr was unsatisfying, almost mediocre—full of a strained and high-pitched intensity. Alfred Bierling, the young peasant who played the part of St. John, had a wonderfully beautiful face, which almost seemed the halo of the stained-glass window. Andreas Lang assumed the rôle of Peter with restraint, and the scenes in which he appeared in association with Alfred Bierling were so wonderfully realistic, were so precisely in accord with one's most exacting expectations of the characters, their looks, their manner, their actions, that it seemed as if John, the well-beloved, and the titantic, but weak-kneed, Peter were once more walking the streets of Jerusalem before our very eyes.

Sebastian Bauer, the Burgomaster of Oberammergau, created a Pontius Pilate which was nothing short of a masterpiece—full of the most trenchant and magnetic authority. The Caiaphas of Gregor Breitsamten was a triumph—in vigor, in specious cunning, in religious fanaticism; and the Annas of Sebastian Lang was on the same high plane. The scene of the conspiracy in the Sanhedrin was absolutely perfect,—it might well have taken place in the same words, the same gestures, the identical space of time—an almost complete resurrection of a scene in past history, as complete as it is humanly possible to effect.

Much has been said of Johann Zwick, the clever and versatile Judas. He was the real "actor," the one great "his-trionic" genius of the Passion Play. The variations in the moods of Judas Iscariot—the dawning alienation of his sympathy with Christ, the miserly instinct

brazenly asserting itself, the doubts and uncertainties, the fine decision to betray his Lord and Master, the anguish and remorse when he discovers the tragic havoc he has wrought, his maniacal defiance of the Sanhedrin, his wild ravings as he flees, a fugitive, from the unbearable scene of his own treachery, his final soliloquy, ending with his sudden decision and hastily executed self-destruction—all are portrayed by Johann Zwick with a subtlety, a delicacy of shading, and a rare finish, which are worthy of the masters of acting. And yet he left me cold—for this Passion Play is no place for actors. The Passion Play is the medium for the expression of reverential and God-fearing peasants, simple in thought, simple in expression, simple in creed—who do not act, but actually live and move and have their being in an antique world of omnipresent actuality—perhaps the most significant testimony to the magic, the mystery, and the power of Christianity presented by this modern-world.

Scenes in the New Comedy "Decorating Clementine" at the Lyceum



Copyright Charles Frohman

Adrienne Morel (Doris Keane)

Count Zakouskine (G. P. Huntley)

Clementine (Hattie Williams)

ACT I. CLEMENTINE INTRODUCES THE COUNT TO ADRIENNE



Copyright Charles Frohman

Adrienne (Doris Keane)

Paul Margerie (Richie Ling)

Clementine (Hattie Williams)

Mons. Morel (Louis Massen)

ACT II. ADRIENNE FALLS IN LOVE, AT SIGHT, WITH PAUL MARGERIE, CLEMENTINE'S HUSBAND



Morrison

CAROLINE NEWCOMBE
Appearing as Mummy Tyl



Bangs

ROBERT HOMANS
Seen in the rôle of Bread



Pach Bros.

JACOB WENDELL, JR.
Who plays the Dog



Moffett

GWENDOLYN VALENTINE
Appearing as Water

MEMBERS OF THE NEW THEATRE COMPANY SEEN IN THE PRODUCTION OF "THE BLUE BIRD"

Daring French Plays Which Will Be Seen Here

PARIS can always be depended upon to furnish new arrangements of theatrical ideas, if there is a dearth of novelty in the ideas themselves. Before the arrival of Bataille, Bernstein, Coolus, Athis, and a few other dramatists of the younger French school, it seemed that the old situations for wife, husband and the *other*, played constantly since Scribe, had practically hackneyed the French Theatre. These new playwrights have done more than to re-arrange this stupid triangle. They have actually invented a new theatrical type, and by skilfully shifting the limelight to the wife or to the mother, they have seemed—but it is only seeming—to have removed conscious salaciousness from the modern successful French play. Actually it remains what Scribe left it—clever and non-moral. Virtue triumphs; the wife or the mother, as the case may be, stands centre with a halo on her head, while the mistress creeps out of a side entrance discomfited. But the play is not deodorized by this happy conclusion—far from it.

The new type, which this new school has created, is really a combination of two characters. The lady, that is, the woman of the world and the *cocotte* have been joined—the head of the one and the heart of the other. Paris likes the result, but Paris is too wise not to know that the type is merely one of the theatre. By the conjunction an entirely artificial atmosphere is produced—not unlike the artificial atmosphere of the plays of the Restoration. If you once accept the character the playwright has gained all he needs, for in her relations to the other characters and to life itself there is no discordant note.

Henri Bernstein, whose "After Me, the ——" will be contributed this winter to the list we have of his translated plays, wields a coarser pen than the other writers whose names have been mentioned. Paris regards his pieces as "machines," written mainly with an eye to the foreign market. It was Henry Bataille, the most popular writer of the day for the French theatre, who led with the new type. In "Poliche," produced seven years ago,

the women of that play, as well as the name part, had no prototypes in Parisian society. His heroine and her companions, rich by inheritance or marriage, occupying sumptuous apartments, had neither passion nor necessity to excuse the sort of life they lived. They exchanged lovers gracefully, as women sometimes exchange gifts, not because it gives them any pleasure, but because it is something to do. Paris delighted in this play and, indeed, while all of it is excellent "fooling," one scene in which two women discuss the good and bad points of a lover, is inimitable. That this scene is too "lively" even for our advanced stage, may be the reason why we do not know "Poliche."

Last winter Bataille produced "La Vierge Folle" (The Foolish Virgin), and while he came no nearer to life, he threw a brilliant light on his scene, which makes it doubtful whether his aim is to exploit vice or virtue. In fact, it is neither, for the words have no meaning to him. This play and another piece by the same author, "Scandal," are to be seen here in our present season. Paris hailed "La Vierge Folle" as the most daring theatrical conceit of recent years. If we really see it, there is no doubt but we shall confirm the home opinion.

But the success of "The Foolish Virgin" in Paris was won in spite of that misguided young person, and because of the character of the wife, which Frenchmen and French women thought the sublimation of feminine virtue. In brief, this play concerns the unholy passion conceived for a

married man by a young girl of good family, who persists in following him after she knows the truth. Against the natural desire for revenge, which the girl's father and brother burn to satisfy, the wife protects the husband even to the point of standing in the outer room of an apartment, where the pair are together, and defying the girl's natural defenders. To this intense scene she adds others of appeal to husband and *vierge*, but she is unsuccessful, and the terrible twist is severed by the girl's suicide. We, in America, are not used to such an Alp of self-abnegation on the part of our wives. These misguided creatures

TO SARAH BERNHARDT

By EDMOND ROSTAND

In these dull decades, you alone, O fair,
Pale Princess, Queen of attitude, have skill
To wear a lily, wield a sword, and still
The heart a moment, treading a broad stair.

You rave and stifle in our heavy air,—
You poetize, and die of love, and kill,
And dream and suffer, working your hot will
On helpless hearers, bound with your bright hair.

Avid of suffering, you wound us all;
Your plaints are echoed through a troubled hall,
And down your cheeks 'tis our salt tears that steal.

And sometimes, Sarah, when your fervent lips
Spell magic, furtively you feel
The kiss of Shakespeare on your finger-tips.

—Translated by Roy Temple House.



Henry Norman as Brokaski

Sam Bernard as Herman Von Schellenwein

SCENE IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY "HE CAME FROM MILWAUKEE" AT THE CASINO THEATRE

are in the habit of summoning their self-respect to protect them against bald infidelity, which they have been known to seek in Reno or other remote places, the quickest possible severance from their fallen partners. America, then, may fail to see the sublimity which Paris found in the wife, and, if so, the play is doomed, for the other characters arouse a feeling of physical repulsion.

"Une Femme Passa" (A Woman Passed by), produced at the Renaissance last February by Romain Coolus, has a not dissimilar theme, and in it also the wife is deified. It is enough to say that Brandès played this rôle to account for its being raised to a greater height than perhaps the author intended. In this play, as in "Poliche," the woman who passed by (here called Suzette) is so absolutely "rouée" that we sigh for a little of the sentimental refinement that the younger Dumas would have given her. It is by stripping these women of all sentiment—false or true—that the new school gains an effect of novelty. But once more it must be insisted that this modern character does not really exist anywhere except on the stage. Parisians say this, and Parisians ought to know.

Coolus, who looks like the late Clyde Fitch, only taller and more sedate, has written other successful plays—"Amants de Sazy," "l'Enfant Chérie," and "Antoinette Sabrier." His new heroine, Simone, is the sister in grief and tenderness of Antoinette and Lucette. These ladies all possess what seem to the cold Anglo-Saxon intellect, a super-human faculty of forgiveness. If the husband deceives, if he no longer loves, and admits it with brutal candor, they do not renounce him, but merely change their love from that of wife to mother—he ceases to be their husband and becomes their child. If American wives would only adopt this attitude, how many open adherents polygamy would gain!

In the probing process by which either husband or wife tries, always vainly, to arrive at the sad conclusion that they are no longer loved, M. Coolus very neatly hits the truth (married people will recognize it) in the following bit of dialogue.



Moffett

LINA ABAREANELL

As Yvonne Sherry in "Madame Sherry" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

Darcier (man of forty and famous physician) is waiting for his assistant, and complains of his delay:

SIMONE: It's not very nice of you to regret his absence since it gives us a chance to talk together—a chance we seldom have now. Do you know I have the impression that you have neglected me for a long time. Perhaps you love me less?

DARCIER: I love you and will always love you just the same—you know that.

SIMONE: Perhaps I do, and yet I am not so sure. I know it like a thing learned long ago which one remembers vaguely. Every now and then one is forced to open the dictionary to verify this uncertain knowledge.

DARCIER: Turn over my leaves then.

SIMONE: Do you love me—as you used to?

DARCIER: I love you—profoundly.

SIMONE: As you used to?

DARCIER: Better perhaps.

SIMONE: Perhaps less.

DARCIER: I don't believe so. Now it's my turn to inquire. What does this interrogatory mean? It's the first, I think; you never used to ask me such questions.

SIMONE: True. You are right. Pardon me. I am stupid.

DARCIER: Not at all. You are my dear Simone—But you won't begin again, will you?

Of course, Simone does begin again; she questions, and he lies until the truth is forced upon her. Then, as danger approaches her husband, Simone exhibits the psychological change which makes us marvel so—from wife she becomes mother. Thereafter it is unnecessary for Darcier to tell her lies; certain of her complete understanding he throws himself unreservedly on her pity and forgiveness.

For Darcier has completely succumbed to the attractions of Suzette, a married woman of society, who, while proclaiming that she is a virtuous woman, takes him for a lover, and shortly afterwards takes another in the person of Capt. Héricy, a burly officer returned from the colonies, where "there are females, but no women." Héricy seeks Darcier in his professional capacity and confesses that jealousy of the woman whom he loves "like a collegian," is eating his life away. To prove that his jealousy is well founded the lover shows to Darcier the latter's own letter to Suzette, which she had dropped in his (Héricy's) apartment. It reads: "I have just left you, my Suzette, just returned home, but



A FEW MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME COMPANY RESTING DURING A REHEARSAL IN THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY

already I have to write to you. I cannot work, I cannot think, except of the hours of love we have passed together—our fever, our folly, our intoxication. I am still wet with your kisses."

Confronted with this proof of her perfidy, Darcier prepares to free himself from the connection now become frightful to him, and studies how best to humiliate her, to teach her that he is really free. In this cogitation, told in a soliloquy, which justifies itself by its passion, the hour of their next meeting passes by, and, as Darcier has not kept the appointment, Suzette comes for him, and in that scene all the audacity of the evil woman, who relies on the fever she has inoculated, is revealed. Whatever baseness he has discovered in her, she confidently believes that he still is, and will continue to be, her slave.

SUZETTE: Why do you keep so far away? Don't you want me to embrace you?

DARCIER: Wait—

SUZETTE: What is the matter? Can anyone see us?

DARCIER: No.

SUZETTE: Then what have I done?

DARCIER: I'm going to tell you.

SUZETTE: Something has happened to turn you against me. What is it? I have the right to know. * * *

DARCIER: You shall have the explanation in one word—Héricky.

SUZETTE (calmly): Well?

Suzette seeks to learn who has denounced her; when he tells her that he has not seen a letter which she has written to Héricky, or one from him to her, she breathes freely, for she thinks there can be no other decisive proof.

DARCIER: Look me straight in the eye. You are not; you have never been the mistress of Jacques Héricky?

SUZETTE: Never!

DARCIER: You swear it?

SUZETTE (tenderly): I swear it.

DARCIER: No, not like that. Don't reply like a woman; no cajoleries, no deceit. Say it frankly—like a man: I swear it.

SUZETTE (very simply): I swear it. * * *

Darcier tells her how he knows that she is lying. She makes no



Sarony, N. Y.

KITTY MASON

As Clarita in "Our Miss Gibbs" at the Knickerbocker Theatre

defense, but starts to go. He tries to detain her, all the time calling her evil names. He demands to know where she is going—to the other?

SUZETTE: You have just told me I was free.

DARCIER: It's true—you are. Go! It is ended. Disappear, get out! Go and ply your trade elsewhere. May I never see you again—Go!

SUZETTE: Listen. I can tell you now that I am going away forever that I love you still, yes, profoundly! I shall have a great deal of unhappiness—yes, but so will you—for you too love me still; yes, I am sure of it. You are angry now and you will not answer. But I will have no sooner gone but you will regret having driven me away, and perhaps you will not dare to write me to come back. But—I am going to tell you. Listen—I will expect you to-morrow morning for the last time—at my house at eleven o'clock. You will come—if you love (in a very low tone)—if you still love me. If you do not come I shall know that it is ended and I shall disappear. Understand? To-morrow, at eleven—you will come. Yes, you will come. (He is silent.) Au revoir. (She goes to the door and waits.) Till to-morrow (She turns. He does not look at her. She goes out.)

DARCIER (to himself): Imbecile!

Two plays by Tristan Bernard, "A Thief in the Night" and "The Unknown Dancer," are coming over, but in the former only the author shows the influence of the

new ideas. "The Unknown Dancer" is a quite innocuous mixture of force and sentimental comedy. In the other play, and in the character of Irma, which Miss Marie Tempest will assume, we have another version of the moral-less woman who makes no pretences, this time she is a woman of the less important theatres and her type is what the French call *une sale grue*. How the dainty English woman is to make Irma sympathetic passes one's imagination. But possibly the character is to be elevated as well as cleansed.

"Le Costaud des Epinettes" is a piece of the under world; its first act attempts to show seriously what in "Ma Gosse" was make-believe. In this act we learn the plot. An actress of the smaller theatres holds a bundle of letters as a threat over a young man who has broken with her; in one of these letters he has made an admission that he altered, not falsified, a will which has made



THE PRINCIPALS, INCLUDING MISS FLACK, MR. CLARK AND MARCELINE ARE SEEN IN THE FRONT ROWS CENTRE (RIGHT)

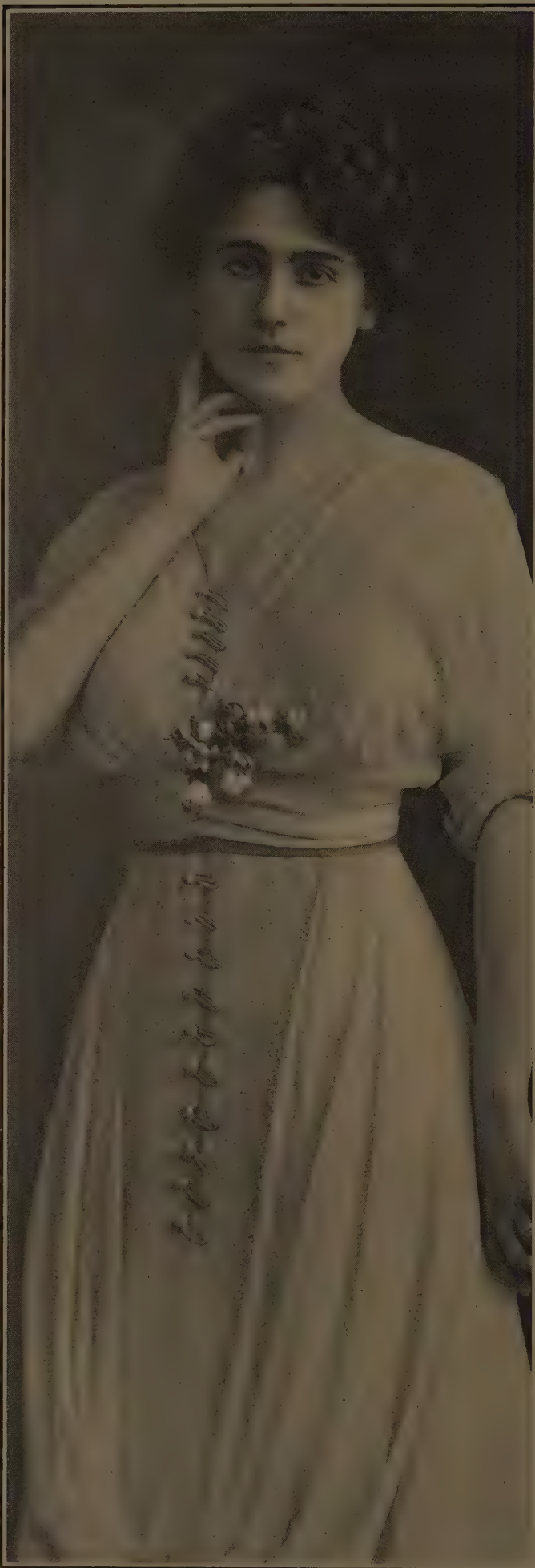
him rich. Owing to the relations of this woman with journalists, *et al*, it is essential that the letters shall be recovered before she uses them to ruin him. To a cabaret in the quarter *des Epinettes* comes Doizeau to find a criminal intelligent enough to undertake the task of recovering them. His first choice is Gabriel, who declines the commission after he learns that he is to combat a woman. With women this hardened character is timid. Another derelict, Claude Brevin, just returned from serving out a term in prison, is not so delicate, and in order to earn the ten thousand "balles," undertakes the conquest of Irma Lurette. The conspirators dress him in evening toilet, supply him with funds and a ring with which to seduce the fair one, and send him to a ball given by the director of the theatre on the hundredth representation of the play, in which Irma takes a subordinate rôle. There Claude succeeds in persuading her to sit next him at table, but this promise is no sooner given than she meets a rich baron of her acquaintance, and throws her new friend over. Claude picks a quarrel with the baron and drives him away, which angers Irma, and to show her character the following bit of dialogue will suffice:

IRMA: Do you know what you've just done? You've got me into trouble with the baron. He has gone away furious; he didn't show it because he's a gentleman, but he will never forgive me. I tell you this ridiculous scene has hurt my prospects—there!

Claude says that the baron is no better than himself, and he would like to cuff him.

IRMA: He may not be any better than you, but he has the advantage of being rich. * * * You think I speak like a "grue"? Well, I am a "grue." I am an actress, yes, but everybody knows that I haven't talent, that I took to the theatre in order to show my figure, my dresses, everything I could! The mistake I've made is in not listening oftener to the men you call rich pigs—they are no more pigs than other men—Good-night!

Claude follows her, makes his peace by pretending that he is rich—a copper king—and presents her with the ring, which has been supplied for



Sarony

IVY TRAUTMAN

Who is now appearing as Aggie in "Baby Mine" at Daly's Theatre

this purpose. He succeeds so well that she proposes that they do not wait for supper at the ball, but proceed at once to her apartment, where she hopes to find something for him to eat.

Once there alone, for her maid has been decoyed by the conspirators, it ought to be plain sailing for Claude, except that he begins to feel remorse. Irma is surprised, and a little annoyed by his lack of interest in her; she encourages him boldly, makes a waiting maid of him by getting him to unhook her dress.

IRMA: What makes you tremble like that? Is it because you are unlacing a woman? (*She takes his hands.*) How cold his hands are! (*She puts Claude's arms around her.*) What strong arms he has, but how nervous he is! his arms are covered with goose-flesh! There, I'm going to put on a dressing-gown so I won't be so warm.

Left alone, Claude tries to nerve himself to the point of chloroforming Irma and breaking open her secretary to get possession of the letters. He switches off the electric light and hears a strange sound. The door from the kitchen opens noiselessly, and a man enters. It is Gabriel, who had changed his mind, and is on the trail of the 10,000 francs. Claude throws himself on the intruder, wrests his knife from him, Irma screams and rushes into the room, turns up the lights and hails Claude as her preserver. In the scene which follows, Claude confesses the object of his pursuit of her. Irma forgives him, presents him with the letters, he obtains the reward, accepts her offer to accompany her on a tour of the provinces, and *voilà tout!* Moral to the play there is none, cleverness a great deal. In its dry, unadulterated exposition of the woman, it takes rank with the other plays that have had an ephemeral success.

De Flers' and Caillavet's latest play "Bois Sacre," now being presented with Miss Hattie Williams in the principal feminine rôle under the title "Decorating Clementine," contains all these authors' wonted brightness, but the piece gets far away from the decency of its predecessors.

WILLIS STEELL.



Sarony

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Miss Barrymore recently opened her second season in Pinero's comedy "Mid-Channel" and later this season will be seen in a new play by the same author

Every now and again in Broadway productions some member of the cast hitherto unknown to fame makes a distinct individual hit. It may be only a bit, a small part which no one, not even the manager or author, expected would be noticed, and it was perhaps entrusted to a novice. Yet there is something in the way it is acted, a certain magnetism in the player that makes

The Stars of To-morrow

the audience instantly sit up and ask, "Who is she?" Many stars now heading their own companies laid the cornerstone of their popularity in this way. The THEATRE MAGAZINE will present each month, under this heading, brief personal sketches and portraits of those younger actresses and actors whose talents have won for them recognition on the current metropolitan stage

IRENE FENWICK, whose real name is Frizelle, was dramatically rechristened by Charles Frohman. She had gone across seas to meet him, and he had engaged her for the ingenue rôle in "The Brass Bottle." It was only when she returned to New York and, entering the Frohman offices, was greeted as "Miss Fenwick—English pronunciation, with the 'w' omitted—that she knew of the rechristening. "Yes, it's a pretty name. I like it. But wherefore?" she asked.

"In the first place, there was a famous court beauty known as Ann Fenwick," was the answer. "In the second, your former stage name was too flippant for serious work." "It was flippant," agreed the now Miss Fenwick, "but it was mine." "Well, we've left you the Irene," was the ultimatum.

Irene Fenwick as Irene Frizelle had had but brief experience. An engagement in the chorus of "Peggy from Paris," another with Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy," and a third with Lulu Glaser in "Just One of the Boys," comprised her repertoire. While she was appearing with Miss Glaser a critic wrote of her: "She gave one of the few nearly natural performances it has ever been our good luck to see in musical comedy. Miss Frizelle is delightful and surprising. She displayed more personal charm than some of the stars that have been made for that potent reason."

Miss Frizelle, born in Chicago, had gone straight to the stage from a convent school at South Bend, Ind. One fact in her experience is unique. Her parents did not oppose her going on the stage. Her mother encouraged it. Her mother had herself been stage-struck once, and she made smiling admission that this bent had been transmitted to her baby by the sixteen-year-old mother. It was then a matter of heredity.

A. E. MATTHEWS, whose subtle comedy methods won unanimous praise in "Love Among the Lions," is a favorite London comedian. In that city they refer to him as "The Younger Hawtrey." He went upon the stage at fourteen playing child rôles with a stock company at the Princess Theatre. His rise was remarkably rapid. Eight years from this beginning

at the Princess, he was sent upon a tour to South Africa as the leading man of a large company. He has drawn the highest priced houses in the world, for during his engagement in Johannesburg five guineas each was charged for the orchestra stalls. His versatility is due in part to the fact that he is an all-round-the-world actor, having played in India, Tasmania and Australia and New Zealand. He presented in the course of this three-year tour fifty-eight plays. Returning to London, he was continuously successful in leading comedies. They know him best in the world's metropolis as Brush in "The Clandestine Marriage," Cosmo Grey in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," Eustis Jackson in "The Return of the Prodigal," Peter Crewweis in "Peter's Mother," Mr. Darling in "Peter Pan," and the Hon. Gibson Gore in "My Wife." He found favor also with London audiences in the title rôle of "Beavis" and the character rôle in "Smith."

TAYLOR HOLMES rises into stellar significance in his part of Sammy Fletcher in "The Commuters." Mr. Holmes is a lean, funny man, and makes his points the stronger by the expression of bland innocence with which he plays them. His resemblance to Raymond Hitchcock has been noted, their chief difference, an observer says, being in their coloring, Mr. Holmes being a "dark Raymond Hitchcock." He is also a Hitchcock accelerando, for he plays his scenes in quicker tempo than does "The Man Who Owns Broadway." The quality of his acting abates the sneer always directed at amateur theatricals. He came to the stage by way of that despised route. He was one of an amateur theatrical company who presented "Candida" in Chicago, Mr. Holmes being the original Eugene in this country. Mr. William Archer, seeing the play, urged him to go to London, where the Chicago boy met many vicissitudes on the way to success. He has been a member of several Western stock companies, among them that of the Grand Opera House in Chicago.

ERNEST GLENDINNING, as the irate but forgiving husband in "Baby Mine," has proven once more how excellent is the school of stock for young actors. Californians who read of his instant success in Margaret Mayo's clever farce say "We expected it," for they had seen him play scores of differing rôles well in his five years' connection with the Alcazar Stock Company of San Francisco and the Belasco at Los Angeles. Previously, and interspersed between the long stock seasons, were small parts in support of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Sorceress" and Marie Doro in "Friquet." His first New York appearance was in "Just a Wife," and last spring he made a good impression in the juvenile lead in the revival of "Jim the Penman." A five years' contract with his present manager is his reward for diligence in the stock school.

Mr. Glendinning is an actor by hereditary right. He is the son of John Glendinning and his first wife, the late Clara Brathwaite.

JOHN WEBSTER, who created the physical training instructor in "Bobby Burnit," proves the value of good dramatic heredity, and as with Ernest Glendinning, the disciplinary value of stock company training. He is the son of Nellie McHenry, long the star in Bret Harte's "M'Liss." His début was with Stuart Robson as the nobleman in "The Henrietta." With Mr. Robson he appeared in "The Comedy of Errors," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Jucklins," "The Rivals" and "Ponderbury's Past." His education was continued in the melodrama, "After Midnight." Subsequently he supported Henrietta Crosman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "Mistress Nell," and in "As You Like It," being one of the best of the later Orlandos. He was in the supporting company of Maude Fealey and Mary Mannerling. He was also with George Fawcett in "The Great John Ganton."

Mr. Webster has proven once again that an actor may make a strong personal impression in a weak play.



Sarony
A. E. MATTHEWS



White
E. GLENDINNING



IRENE FENWICK



Mishkin
TAYLOR HOLMES



JOHN WEBSTER

Scenes in "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's Theatre



Byron Theobold (Chas. A. Bigelow) Alma (Kitty Gordon) Count Bolivario (Edouard Durand)

ACT II. THE COUNT DISCOVERS THEOBOLD WITH ALMA AND THREATENS TO SHOOT HIM



Byron Kitty Gordon John McCloskey

ACT II. PIERRE TELLS ALMA THAT HE LOVES HER



Byron John McCloskey Kitty Gordon

ACT II. ALMA SINGS AS PIERRE FALLS ASLEEP

FALSE GODS

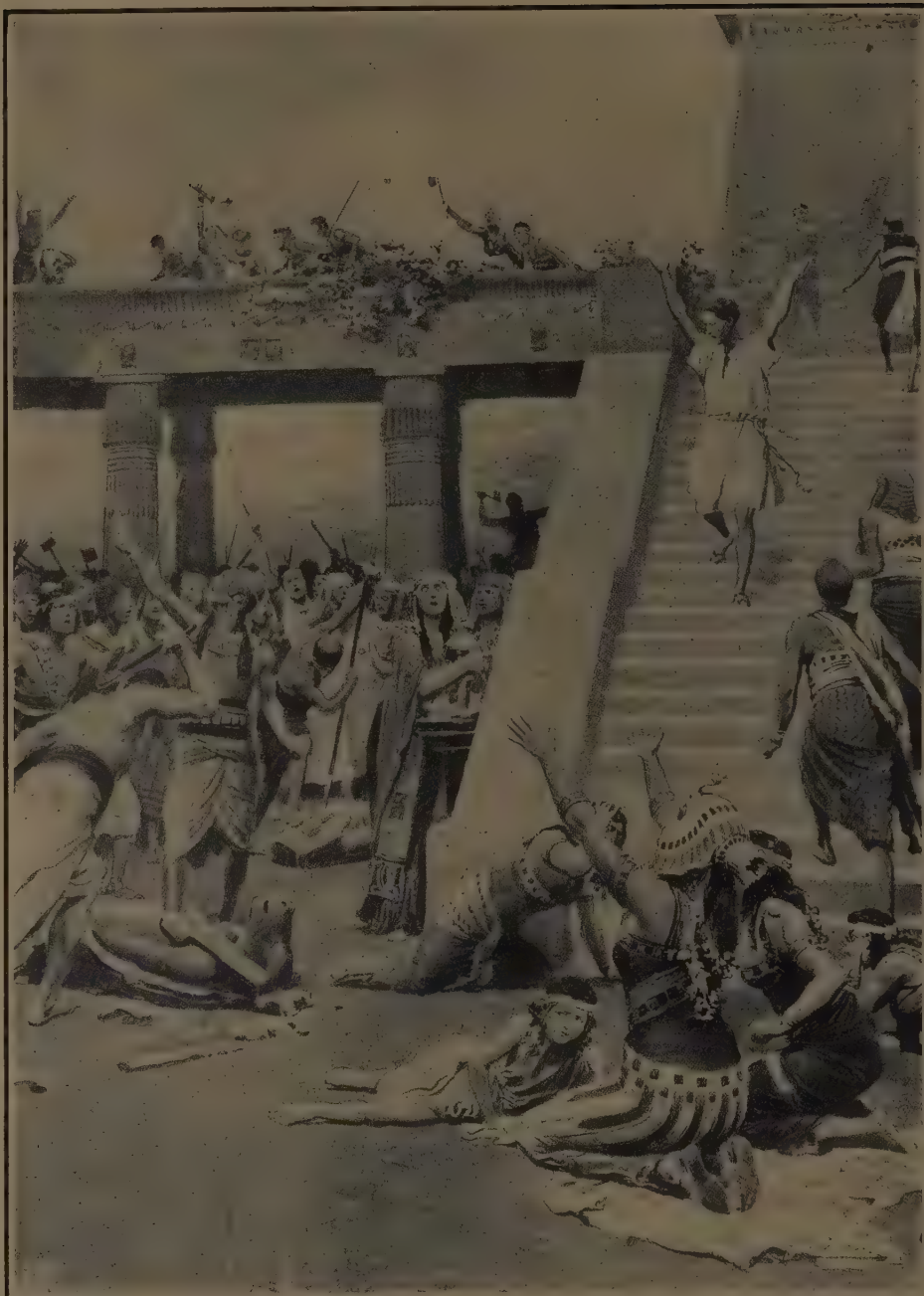
BRIEUX, the well-known French dramatist, has scored another artistic success with his new drama "False Gods," which Beerbohm Tree produced at the London Haymarket during the past season. The work, which is likely to form part of Sir Herbert's repertoire during his forthcoming American tour, is a modern morality play in Egyptian dress. In this new piece, the dramatist, an uncompromising and daring thinker, unleashes the hounds of scepticism on the track of faith, and answers the appeal to rationalism by a pageant of priestcraft.

Satni, the youthful iconoclast, breaking his graven image, and thus exposing the false miracle, is the embodiment of rationalism. A fortuitous circumstance inclines the people in his favor. No calamity has befallen them since, blinded with fanatic rage, they shattered their gods, the Bull, the Ram, the Jackal, Isis, into fragments in the hall of Rheon, the rich Egyptian. From fear and awe they turn to adoration of the idol-breaker, but Satni can give them no consolation when later they cry for help. Pillage and murder are the logical sequence. The false gods cannot punish, and the battle is to the strong. But the metaphysics of Satni are too advanced. He cries: "The field in which the seed was sown was not ready for it. One can only advance by destroying." The High Priest is wiser: "A little wisdom," he says, "banishes the gods; a greater wisdom brings them back."

Impressive, in the awe-inspiring magnificence of the "Hall of the Hundred Pillars," is the way the High Priest pits his power—the power of the Church—against Revolt. But quailing as Satni does, in the loneliness of the Temple, bowed down with the weight of centuries of hereditary idolatry, he manages to overcome Terror, the terror of tradition.

It is only when moved by human suffering that he succumbs and gives back to the Egyptian pilgrims their hope and faith by manipulating a piece of mechanism, which plays upon the credulity of the populace. The rejoicing is tremendous when the sick tear off their bandages and the lame throw down their crutches and leap about. In the midst of this rejoicing the maiden Yaouma, the affianced of Satni, passes to her doom: the promised bride of the Nile, the yearly toll demanded before the sacred river shall rise and bless the harvests. Satni, self-scourged by remorse and agonized by the thought that now again he has thrust back the people into another century of blindness, reveals himself as a worker of a false miracle. The crowd, upon hearing this revelation, passes him by with curses, and the cripple, who begged in vain to be made whole, stabs him in the back.

Unmoved by the tragic scene the High Priest, the Juggernaut of the Church, stares coldly and indifferently on. Only Mieris, the blind woman, clinging desperately in her affliction to her gods, finally discards them, moved by Satni's words, and comforts him in his death agony. He has, it is true, robbed her of the hope of ever recovering the precious treasure of her lost sight, but the



SCENE IN M. BRIEUX'S NEW DRAMA "FALSE GODS" PRODUCED AT THE LONDON HAYMARKET
Destroying the false gods in the hall of Rheon, the rich Egyptian

martyr's last words "Do good to those who suffer, even if thou art not benefited thyself," at last finds an echo in her heart.

The battle between the agnostic and the believer is bitter, and the weight—thrown in the balance—is on the side of the Church. The play is a great contribution to human thought, to drama, and to art. The stage settings are superb, the splendor of color, the beauty of the scenery, the Oriental magnificence, imparts the verisimilitude of the real Egypt—the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and the effect is still more heightened by the intensity of the actors, who, one and all, carry out the different rôles with wonderful accuracy. Sir Herbert Tree manages to convey the subtlety of the aristocracy of intellect, Henry Ainley gives a moving representation of the brave, young idealist, Mrs. Patrick Campbell invests Mieris with poetry, beauty and intellect. Surely never has the desolation of blindness received such striking interpretation. It is a play that makes one think. Perhaps the work's most serious defect is that there are several subsidiary plots, all of which should have been made subordinate to the central theme. As it is the limelight falls sometimes as vividly on the minor parts as on the more important rôles.

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At the Playhouse

(Continued from page 136)

a young Englishman, learned playwriting in the course of a brief career as an actor. This speaks in the play very loudly. Let him now keep away from the stage itself hereafter and devote himself to authorship proper. He is a young man of capacity and promise, and our advice is sincere and well meant.

BIJOU. "MY MAN." Drama in four acts by Forrest Halsey. Produced September 27 with this cast:

Teddy, Addie Frank; Lizzie, Anna Wynne; Edith, Mary Carter; Jim Roberts, Robert Drouet; Mabel, Anne Sutherland; Jordan, Campbell Gollan; Bill, George Spelvin; Bert, a rural Postman, John Beck.

Plays dealing with the underworld either seem to hit the bull's eye bing! or miss the target altogether. The reception which attached to "My Man" here in the metropolis was not over gratifying from a box-office point of view, but it would seem a pity indeed if, after certain alterations and a few changes in the cast, another chance was not afforded to Forrest Halsey's play of New York life.

Here was a play dealing with the subject of a betrayed woman. To save her child from starvation she steals and pays the penalty of her crime. Afterwards she wins the love of an honest man, but breaks her parole. Into the hands of crooks she falls and through their transgressions becomes a further victim to the law. A pardon finally restores her to her husband and the boy. The story is real, vivid and human. Occasionally its pathos bleats, but in the main it is tensely dramatic and the characters reflect real life with its complications. The dialogue is crisp and natural, brutally frank at times, but only such as the situation calls for. Mr. Halsey gives splendid promise, but it needed a surer and more experienced hand than Mr. Thompson for its proper stage production. It is not invidious to prophesy that had Belasco put the piece on and selected its cast, another "Easiest Way" would have gone on record. There were three capital impersonations in the performance at the Bijou. As the husband, Robert Drouet enacted the simple, honest, devoted Jim Roberts with a simplicity and rugged charm worthy of the highest praise. A characteristic type of the east side, Lizzie, "the watcher," was played with humor and feeling by Anna Wynne, and as the female crook who got the wife into trouble, Anne Sutherland gave a striking picture of a figure altogether associated with Forty-second Street and Broadway. "My Man" ought to live; whatever its faults it was a vital page from the contemporaneous history of a big city.

NEW YORK. "THE DEACON AND THE LADY." Musical play in two acts. Book by George Totten Smith. Music by Alfred E. Aarons. Produced October 4 with this cast:

Deacon Flood, Harry Kelly; Jack Flood, Fletcher Norton; Jupiter P. Slick, Ed. Wynn; Hon. Charles Chetwyne, Percy Jennings; Jim Graft, W. W. Black; Engineer, A. L. Rankin; Head Waiter, C. G. Staples; First Waiter, George Faust; Second Waiter, Milton Silby; Marie Trouville, Clara Palmer; Mrs. Hunter Grey, Mayme Gehrue; May Flood, Madelyn Marshall; Milliecent Grey, Eva Fallon; Flower Girl, Helen Mooney; Autograph Girl, Irene Messenger.

"The Deacon and the Lady" did not remain long in New York. Notice was served on it by the vigilantes of critical opinion that it was not up to the mark. We do not wholly concur, and venture to mildly dissent. The facts in the case, as to the story, are that Deacon Flood, of Floodville, Vt., is induced to finance an amateur theatrical society of seminary girls and bring the girls to New York. Then things happen, as naturally they would when a deacon is paying the bills and seeing the sights. It is the usual thing in comic opera. Mr. Kelly is amusing in his play as the Deacon. No other comedian can slip upon a banana peel with better results. As usual in such pieces, no idea is much bigger than a minute, but there are a great many of these little ideas which provoke laughter, and we believe that is the aim and end of modern comic opera. It is a scoop-net of specialties from the vaudeville stage, but that is not uncommon. When Mr. Ed. Wynn, as Jupiter P. Slick, leans on his cane and bends it double, does it not get its response in laughter? It would be unfair to Mr. Wynn not to say that he has the comic spirit in abundance. The cast is not at all inferior. Miss Clara Palmer and Miss Mayme Gehrue are comely, young, exuberant, active and tuneful. There are enterprising bands of college boys, seminary girls, dairy maids, country boys and country girls. The piece is in two acts, and it has an opening chorus and

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a finale. One of its songs is "Hottentot Honey-moon." Surely "I Love You Every Hour" and "It's Queer What a Little Love Will Do," with the patter of dancing feet, are to the purpose. "Oh, Mr. Scarecrow Man" is not bad, particularly when danced and sung by a comely, natural-born scarecrow like Miss Mayme Gehrue. What the piece lacked for the favor of those who like that sort of thing is mysterious. Some refinement of sensual pleasure may have been absent. At all events, the sybarite was not stirred. To us "The Deacon and the Lady" seemed all right for this sort of thing. It will prosper on the road.

GARRICK. "ANTI-MATRIMONY." Play in four acts by Percy Mackaye. Produced September 22 with this cast:

Rev. Elliott Grey, Walter Greene; Mildred Grey, Miss Crossman; Morris Grey, Gordon Johnstone; Mrs. Grey, Marian Holcombe; Isabella Grey, Grace Carlyle.

It is unfortunate that so gifted an actress as Henrietta Crossman finds such difficulty in securing a proper medium for the display of her unquestioned talents. She aims high and is not afraid to venture into that realm which the Philistine sarcastically describes as the "high brow." Percy Mackaye, who wrote "Anti-Matrimony," in which she has recently been appearing at the Garrick, is a poet of imagination and skill, but of a knowledge of the technical requirements needed for the stage, he is still a neophyte. His latest comedy with its brilliant dialogue, well drawn characters and characteristic story of so-called modern social liberty fails because the manner in which the fable is recited violates too constantly all the established rules of successful stage technic. And the exasperating feature of it all is that a prenticed hand could weld its splendid material into a capital play with just a little judicious editing.

How an exotic couple strive to show the liberality of their views as to the conventional matrimonial forms is cleverly contrasted with the sound common sense of still another couple. It is a comedy of character and manners and as such is brilliant; but form is exacting and for want of it the play goes into the discard. It was a delightful and refreshing exhibition of high-class comedy acting which Miss Crossman gave in the rôle of Mildred, the clergyman's wife who, by her humor and sarcasm, induces her relatives into a full appreciation of the value of convention. The two liberal thinkers are acted with discretion and tact by Gordon Johnstone and Grace Carlyle.

NAZIMOVA'S 39TH ST. "CON & CO." Comedy in three acts by Oliver Herford. Produced September 20 with this cast:

Herr Director Von Scheffel, Ben Hendricks; Senator Pinkney, Tom H. Walsh; Cornelius Pinkney, Jr., Harry Stone; Hobson, William Burriss; L. Montgomery Hopper, James H. Morrison; Lieut. Hofbauer, Gustav Hartzheim; Isaac Finshifter, Charles F. McCarthy; Hon. Frederick Balchesteer, Gilbert Douglas; Concierge of Apartment, F. T. Leaming; Manager of Music Hall, George Harding; Fire Captain, W. E. Tuley; Sally Von Scheffel, Maude Odell; Mrs. Hopper, Grace Franklyn; Lulu, Nelly Roland; Lina, Suzette Gordon.

After witnessing the popular reception accorded to "The Little Damozel," Henry W. Savage is said to have remarked that the play was not the only thing, but that the players figured largely in the result. Had he come to this conclusion earlier in the season a different fate might have awaited "Con & Co.," produced at Nazimova's Theatre. This farce from the French of Armont, Nancey and Gavault and adapted into a "cheeky comedy" by Oliver Herford, was not without a certain entertaining quality, for the two protagonists who lived by their wits were ingenious and the outcome of their various predatory excursions resulted in some situations that got their reward in laughter. But there was nothing convincing in the acting and most of it was highly commonplace. William Burriss, one of the confidence men, played in the vein of old-fashioned humor that is now almost obsolete. Ben Hendricks looked the Herr Director and Maude Odell, not the figurante, was a most energetic heroine. A very neat, polite and gracious performance was accomplished by Nelly Roland in the minor rôle of Lulu. "Con & Co." will not be seriously missed.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "DIPLOMACY." Drama in four acts by Victorien Sardou. English version by George Pleydell. Revived September 13 with this cast:

Henry Beauclerc, Charles Richman; Julian Beauclerc, Milton Sills; Count Orloff, Thurlow Bergen; Algic Fairfax, Effingham Pinto; Baron Stein, Theodore Roberts; Markham, Frederick Emelton; Sheppard, Leslie Bassett; Antoine, C. E. Harris; Countess Zicka, Florence Roberts; Dora, Chrystal Hearne; Marquise de Rio Zares, Mrs. Le Moyné; Lady Fairfax, Marion Ballou; Mion, Jewell Power.

The recent revival of "Diplomacy" demonstrated in spite of its years that Sardou wrote



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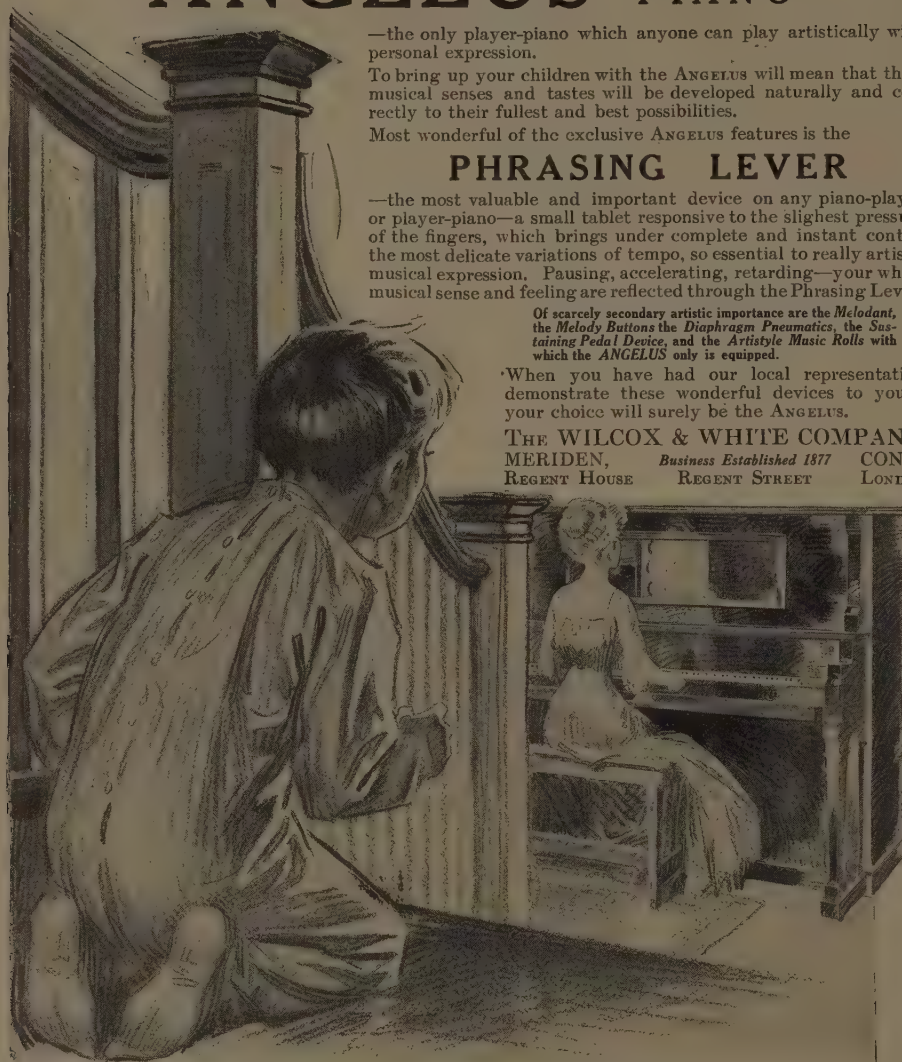
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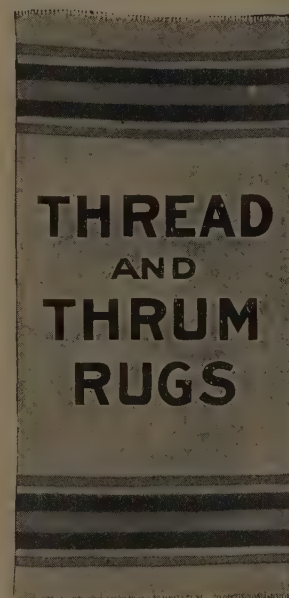
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a polite melodrama of enduring value. Once in a while the machinery creaks a little, but the story is so interesting and the suspense so keen and dramatic that one can forgive the occasional nodding of the theatrical Jove. But "Diplomacy," in spite of its intrinsic worth, requires acting of the highest character for its proper demonstration. Above all a polite atmosphere must be realized. The recent performance at Maxine Elliott's Theatre was unequal in this particular; nor for results is it necessary to compare the latest players with those that have gone before. There was dignity and repose to Charles Richman's Henry, though not much subtlety; there was refinement and charm to Chrystal Hearne's Dora; there was telling character force to Theodore Roberts' Baron Stein; there was distinction to Sarah Cornell Le Moynes Marquise de Rio Zares and restrained emotion in the Orloff of Thurlow Bergen. Of the rest of the cast it is only necessary to say they could have done much better.

REPUBLIC. "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM." Play in four acts by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson. Produced October 3 with this cast:

Miranda Sawyer, Marie L. Day; Jane Sawyer, Eliza Glassford; Mrs. Perkins, Ada Deaves; Mrs. Simpson, Viola Fortescue; Rebecca Rowena Randall, Edith Taliaferro; Emma Jane Perkins, Lorraine Frost; Clara Belle Simpson, Violet Mercereau; Minnie Smellie, Kathryn Bryan; Alice Robinson, Etta Bryan; Jeremiah Cobb, Archie Boyd; Abner, Simpson, Sam Coit; Abijah Flagg, Ernest Truex; Adam Ladd, Ralph Kellard.

On the smaller circuits they play, or used to play, pieces in which a waif, a girl, fleeing from an unhappy home, blows in on some good soul [an irascible old man is best], wins him by her sauciness, is adopted by him, grows up and finds out at last that he is her grandfather. That is not the case in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," but here we have in some manner the same unhappy, saucy child whom we had never expected to see again. How is it to be accounted for? The genius of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin for child life and the delightful personality of Miss Edith Taliaferro have made it possible. The play is fanciful, and its action moves to the air, as it were, of a fairy legend, and when Rebecca grows up, before our eyes in the play, she is a most eligible young person, free of illusions and troubles. The play is made up of episodes from the books so vastly popular with readers, and with its consistent and progressive story it has all the form that the material requires or permits of. Miss Charlotte Thompson has done her work of dramatization well. We can only hope that she will not permit herself to be persuaded that she has broken any "laws" of the drama with her successful work. Rebecca comes to the farm from a large family of children that are a burden to her poor parents. Aunt Miranda is prim and severe and gives her such a crabbed welcome that she slips away at night in a storm and takes refuge with the good-hearted stage driver who had brought her. This is a charming little play of itself where they take breakfast together and her humble, but good-natured old friend induces her to return to Aunt Miranda. There is an amusing scene of child-life when the children of the neighborhood first meet her in the yard and after many passes of awkward bashfulness make such good friends with her that she tells her fairy tale, to their delight. It is when a certain nice young man overhears her recital that her romance with "Mr. Aladdin" begins. This romance is advanced when she, by an arrangement with her little companions, sells him a box of soap in aid of charity. Rebecca is much interested in an humble creature who has no wedding ring, and it is a touching scene where, induced by her, "Mr. Aladdin" takes from his pocket the wedding ring of his mother, his keepsake, and thus helps to make a man do right. Rebecca is too young to understand the significance of her service. Such episodes bring the action to the point where Rebecca graduates and, in her pretty white dress, tells "Mr. Aladdin" to "wait a little while." Mr. Archie Boyd as the good-hearted rural stage-driver was distinctly entertaining, and Miss Marie Day, as Aunt Miranda, gave us an old spinster, prim and hard in manner, won over to loving her niece, the character cut with artistic precision.

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GAITY. "GET RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD." Comedy in four acts by George M. Cohan. From novel of George Randolph Chester. Produced September 19 with this cast:

Edward Lamb, Grant Mitchell; Willie, Russell Pincus; "Andy," Dempsey, J. C. Marlowe; Fanny Jasper, Frances Ring; G. W. Battles, Frederick Seaton; Clint Harkins, Purnell Pratt; Abe Gunther, Scamp Montgomery; Bessie Meers, Grace Goodall; Gertrude Dempsey, Ida Lee Cas-

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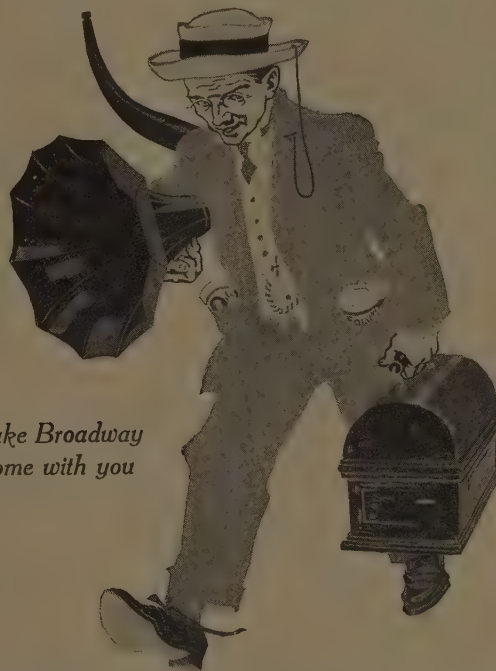
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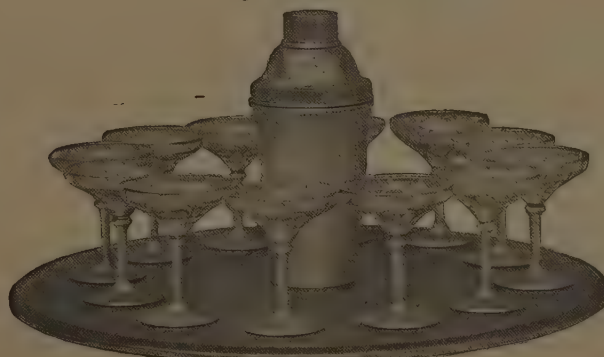
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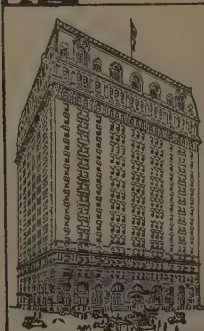
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Once upon a time, and it was not such a long while since, there was a disposition to sneer at the output of the American boy dramatist, composer, manager and dancer, George M. Cohan. It mattered little, for he just went on scoring up popular successes. Now he has accomplished that which many have tried to do and which few have gotten away with; that is, he has dramatized a book and in his own vernacular has scored "a knockout." The adventures of *Get Rich Quick Wallingford* are familiar to readers of the magazines. From George Randolph Chester's stories retailing the exploits of that ingenious and ingenious soldier of fortune Mr. Cohan has devised and constructed a comedy that will keep the Gaiety crowded until well into next year. It deserves all the popular and critical recognition which it has achieved, for it is a deliciously characteristic piece, strong in original types of local color, brisk in comedy and dramatic movement and expressed in dialogue essentially human, crisp and amusing. The office of the Palace Hotel at Battlesburg is the scene of the first act where the schemers lay their plans "to trim the boobs." Their wildest schemes finally make good, everybody is enriched, and Wallingford and his hawk-eyed associate find themselves honest men and prominent citizens in spite of all. The various scenes in which these happenings are brought about are instinct with life and redolent of the soil. "*Get Rich Quick Wallingford*" is a genuine American comedy.

The company is an admirable one and from the title rôle to the smallest part there is not a player who does not call for splendid praise. As Wallingford Hale Hamilton is suave, engaging and convincing. Edward Ellis, by his grim and sardonic spirit, makes a capital foil and the stenographer heroine is played with nice simplicity by Frances Ring. Delightful types are provided by Grant Mitchell as a hotel clerk, Russell Pincus as an office boy, Purnell Pratt as a reporter and Grace Goodall as a head waitress who takes a dip into vaudeville.

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Sam Bernard is usually an entertainment in himself. It is with added value that he comes before his following this season, for he has an exceptionally clever musical comedy for his stellar exploitation. It is called "He Came from Milwaukee." The words are by Mark Swan and Edgar Smith, the lyrics, bright and singable, by Edward Madden, while the score comes from various sources. The new piece actually has a plot set in a sort of "Prisoner of Zenda" environment. The story is a good one, logically developed, while its interest and consecutiveness actually continue up to the very end. As Herman Von Schellenwein from Milwaukee, "the town which the beer made shameless," Bernard figures as one of those good-natured Germans with a fractured accent who, to oblige a titled dignitary, assumes his place, only to plunge himself into a series of complications of a highly amusing character. Bernard has a broad style, yet there is still a vast amount of art in his seemingly extemporaneous fooling. Above all he knows the full value of a pause while his diction is always clean cut and his pantomime pointed and illuminative. He is very funny in his new creation, which is set off by a picturesque background of military bustle and costumes. The production is an unusually handsome one and the dresses worn by the good-looking chorus are admirable in tasteful design and color. Melville Ellis is responsible for the sartorial embellishments as well as for several of the numbers which jingle and lilt.

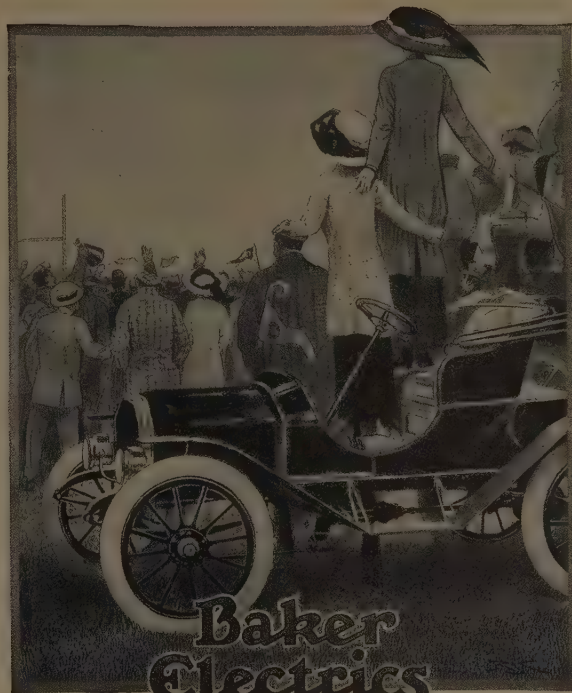
The supporting cast is excellent throughout. Louis Harrison, always a resourceful comedian, enacts a Zurachian conspirator with the mercurial deftness and sings and dances with his usual skill and neatness. Henry Norman as the brusque general helps along Bernard's fun in the court martial scene with humorous adroitness, while the real duke and his friend Chetwynde are played with poise and distinction by George Anderson and Martin Brown. The latter is a capital dancer. As a circus queen Amelia Summerville plays with a finesse born of long experience in the burlesque world, while Nellie Bergen acts and sings with romantic enthusiasm as Leska, a loyal subject. Winona Winter and Alice Gordon are gracefully competent as the two ingenues.

GLOBE. "THE GIRL IN THE TRAIN." Operetta in three acts by Harry B. Smith. From the German by Victor Leon. Music by Leo Fall. Produced October 3 with this cast:

Karel Van Myrtens, Melville Stewart; Jana, Vera Michelena; Pieter Bockensteigel, Phillip Branson; Gonda Van Der Loo, June Grey; Judge Van Tromp, Claude Gilligwater; Van Dender, Henry Vincent; De Liege, Donald Hall; William Kroutvliet, James Reaney; Martha, his wife, Bessie Franklyn; Cornelius Scrop, Martin Hayden; Professor Wiesum, Gilbert Clayton; Adeleine, Vivian Rushmore; The Beadle, Harry Strang.

In view of the tremendous success which the original obtained in Vienna and the remarkable popular acclaim which the English adaptation had in London, it was surprising that "The Girl in the Train" did not make a deeper impression here on its first performances at the Globe. Of course, on a subject described as in this play, the only change in railroad phraseology was used by the daily chroniclers. But at the risk of iteration, be it said, Harry B. Smith's version of Victor Leon's German book is something very much between the Twentieth Century Limited and a West Shore fast freight. Vaudeville—not of the continuous kind—but the kind which attaches to a certain style of French farce, is the nomenclature which pertains to this Viennese libretto. It is good farce, too, even if it be admitted that the author never heard of Sir William Schwenk Gilbert's "Trial by Jury," for the first act is, in the parlance of the day, a "dead ringer" for that little gem. But in spite of a good model this act does drag. The zip, snap and ginger which should prevail are lacking and a situation of engaging comedy effect goes for far less than its intrinsic worth. There is too much playing for points and too little dependence placed on the real humorous merit of the scene. More life is thereafter injected and some good dancing by Claude Gilligwater and June Grey lifts up the final act.

Leo Fall's score is of a high order. So "classy" that it unduly taxes the vocal powers of most of the singers. But it is music of a superior kind, melodiously original and scored with a keen knowledge and musically skill of a true artist.



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The waltz theme which forms the leit motif is a pearl of rhythmic invention and orchestral effect. From the scenic and sartorial points of view Manager Charles Bancroft Dillingham has left nothing undone. His well-known deftness in putting things together makes it highly probable that the book by this time has been greatly improved.

A young husband gives up his compartment on a sleeping car to a popular actress. A black-mailing porter does the rest, and the wife promptly sues for divorce.

The first act is a court scene where the proceedings are begun. After the usual intrigues, the misunderstanding is cleared up and Queen Domesticity once more reigns; the susceptible judge falling a victim to the actress' charms.

Vera Michelena plays the wife and presents a very dashing figure in her danseuse costume; she also sings her notes well. Melville Stewart as the harassed husband is quietly effective and there is a quiet, dry, knowing quaintness to Claude Gillingwater's impersonation of the impressionable judge. June Grey, an English importation, plays Gonda Van Der Loo, the actress. She is pretty and neat, but her assumption of dash is hardly convincing. The porter is neatly played by Martin Hayden and the remaining rôles are all in competent hands.

COMEDY. "THE FAMILY." Play in three acts by Robert H. Davis. Produced October 11 with this cast:

John Sneed, Sam Edwards; Mary Sneed, Mabel Bert; Madeline Sneed, Julie Herne; David Sneed, John Westley; Ruth Sneed, Zyllah Inez Shannon; Paul Churchill, Thomas Meighan; Roosevelt, by Himself.

A girl tired of domestic routine and the weariness of village life falls in love with the busy and bandstick of the head of a strolling minstrel troupe, is lured away by him, writes back home that she is married, whereupon her father and brother run over to Springfield, Mass., to visit her, but mainly with the purpose of taking a night off in that giddy town. The mother follows, discovers that her daughter has no wedding ring, and takes her back home, where father and brother join the mother in forgiving her, in view of the fact that no marriage notice had been published and that she still has a chance to marry a more or less worthy young man who does not actually appear, who does not wear a busby and who is described by the brother as the best billiard player in town. It may be unbelievable that a play, the story of which may be thus summed up, contains uncommonly promising and brilliant work in its characterizations and its craftsmanlike management of details. The new man, with his first play, is Robert H. Davis, well known as the editor of a prominent magazine. Mr. Davis is plainly a coming dramatist, a man of ability, but his case proves that as much ability may be employed on a bad play as on a good one. It may be incidentally remarked that all plays are bad that do not hit the mark. Plays involving the betrayal of a woman are necessarily problem plays or plays of emotion and plot. This is a comedy-character play. In view of this baffling unconventionality it is difficult to give an adequate account of its merits. The subject is old, but the characters are new and the episodes are delightfully contrived. The way of a man (the particular kind of a man) with a maid could not have been better set forth than in the scene in which the bandmaster practices his wiles on the girl while her father is asleep in the room in his chair. The mother, described by her husband as the heart of the family, makes her gentle, loving presence felt at all times, and the effect in the acting of Miss Mabel Burt was touching and wholesome. Miss Julie Herne could not fail, with her simplicity and natural emotional temperament, but the conditions of the action are against her. The play evokes feeling now and then, but no tears. It does not reach the emotion of "Way Down East," with similar situations, or its prototype, "Neighbor Jackwood," by Trowbridge. In its episodes and as a character play it is of the first excellence. In the minor and episodic action every character counts at full value, and this is a fine achievement for a dramatist's first play. The younger sister, a girl of ten or twelve, capably played by Inez Shannon, pays her way. She comes in to tell Madeline that the jelly will not jell, giving occasion to her sister's outburst of despair at her cheerless life. She also brings the newspaper to her brother, thinking he will want to read the racing charts, giving the reformed young man an opportunity to read the news of the railway collision in which his sister's betrayer has lost his life. All this is very clever technical work in the smaller things.

LYRIC. "MADAME TROUBADOUR." Operetta in three acts from the French. Music by Felix Albin. Book and lyrics by Joseph Herbert. Produced October 10 with this cast:

Henriette, Grace La Rue; Juliette, Georgia Caine; Joseph, Edgar Atchinson Ely; Marquis De Kergazon, Charles Angelo; The Chevalier, Edgar Norton; Martine, Anna Wheaton; Georgette, Doris Goodwin; Vicomte, Max de Voigommeux, Van Rensselaer Wheeler.

"Mme. Troubadour" is an operetta of the Viennese school, which means among other things that it holds to proper form. If an artistic work of this kind could, by any possibility, have any decisive corrective influence over the formless methods in use with us, this production would be an event; but it can only serve to demonstrate that consistent art still lives. The music interpreting the story is also consistent and is naturally more impressive than the disconnected melodies and jingles of the customary American musical vaudeville entertainments. The story is apparently based on Sardou's "Divorçons." At all events, it concerns a quarrel between man and wife, her escapade with a lover, perhaps harmless, and their final reconciliation. The action bubbles over with comedy in music, character and incident. Two comely maids who are jealous and seek the kisses of the handsome young aristocrat may seem extravagantly drawn, but the peasants of the continent are natural subjects for any kind of droll and fanciful treatment. Miss Anna Wheaton and Miss Doris Goodman were in good voice and animated and remained what they were throughout the diverting story, not having to change character with each new song. Miss Georgia Caine, in a rôle subordinate to that of Miss Grace La Rue, the principal, acted with dash and sang acceptably. Miss La Rue, a trifle better in singing than in acting, was pleasing and spirited. Mr. Wheeler, as the lover, is without a voice of distinction, but he carried his scenes with unaffected simplicity and spirit, notably where he balks in his lovemaking when he learns that the plan is to make him a correspondent in a suit for divorce. Mr. Charles Angelo, one of the four principals, a friend whose fertile brain suggests the procedure that will secure the divorce, was amusingly active. The operetta is without ballets or the libidinous devices customary in vaudeville opera. The operetta is highly artistic and as a novelty, because of the long disuse of good form, should encourage the revival of better and progressive methods. Vaudeville opera is going around in an eddy and will get no further.

LYCEUM. "DECORATING CLEMENTINE." Comedy in three acts by Armand De Caillavet and Robert De Flers. Produced September 19 with this cast:

Count Zakouskine, G. P. Huntley; Paul Margerie, Richie Ling; Monsieur Morel, Louis Massen; Fargette, Ernest Lawford; Courlot, J. Homer Hunt; Magnel, Joseph Allenton; Vauvert, Ernest Whitney; Durien, Francis Verdi; Benjamin, Frederick Powell; Victor, Edgar F. Hill; A Reporter, Frederick Macklyn; Peter, Howard Bond; Dourakine, Robert Millash; Clementine Margerie, Hattie Williams; Adrienne Morel, Doris Keane; Mme. De Ternay, Alice Putnam; Mme. Fauchel, Gail Kane; Louise, Grace Moore.

"Decorating Clementine" is not "Le Bois Sacré," nor is Hattie Williams Jeanne Granier. But Gladys Unger has made a neat and serviceable adaptation of De Caillavet and De Flers' three-act comedy and Miss Williams, splendidly aided and most amusingly abetted by G. P. Huntley, gives an entertainment at the Lyceum that is productive of much fun. Like all pieces from the French, its preparation for American usage has been more or less drastic, but if some of its frankness has been eliminated, Miss Unger has most happily retained its sparkle and movement and has provided some dialogue on her own account which invokes plenty of spontaneous laughter.

Married to a man whose ambitions do not rise above sport and farming, Clementine Margerie is the author of several successful novels. In the pursuit of the red ribbon she runs up against the impressionable director of fine arts while his susceptible wife carries on a desperate flirtation with Clementine's husband. Into this complication enter Count Zakouskine, a Russian *maître de ballet*, and Fargette, a stupid Parisian who considers himself irresistible. Not entirely obvious, the scenes which follow are genuinely amusing. Each couple in the end, of course, finds happiness and contentment at their respective firesides. Miss Williams has never appeared to better advantage than as Clementine. It is a wholesome performance not without charm and humor. It is a grotesque characterization which Huntley presents as the Russian, but very droll. The director of fine arts and his wife are capably acted by Louis Massen and Doris Keane. The latter's scene of flirtation is very graphic. There is appropriate stolidity to Richie Ling's rendering of the loutish husband and the remainder of the cast is amply capable.



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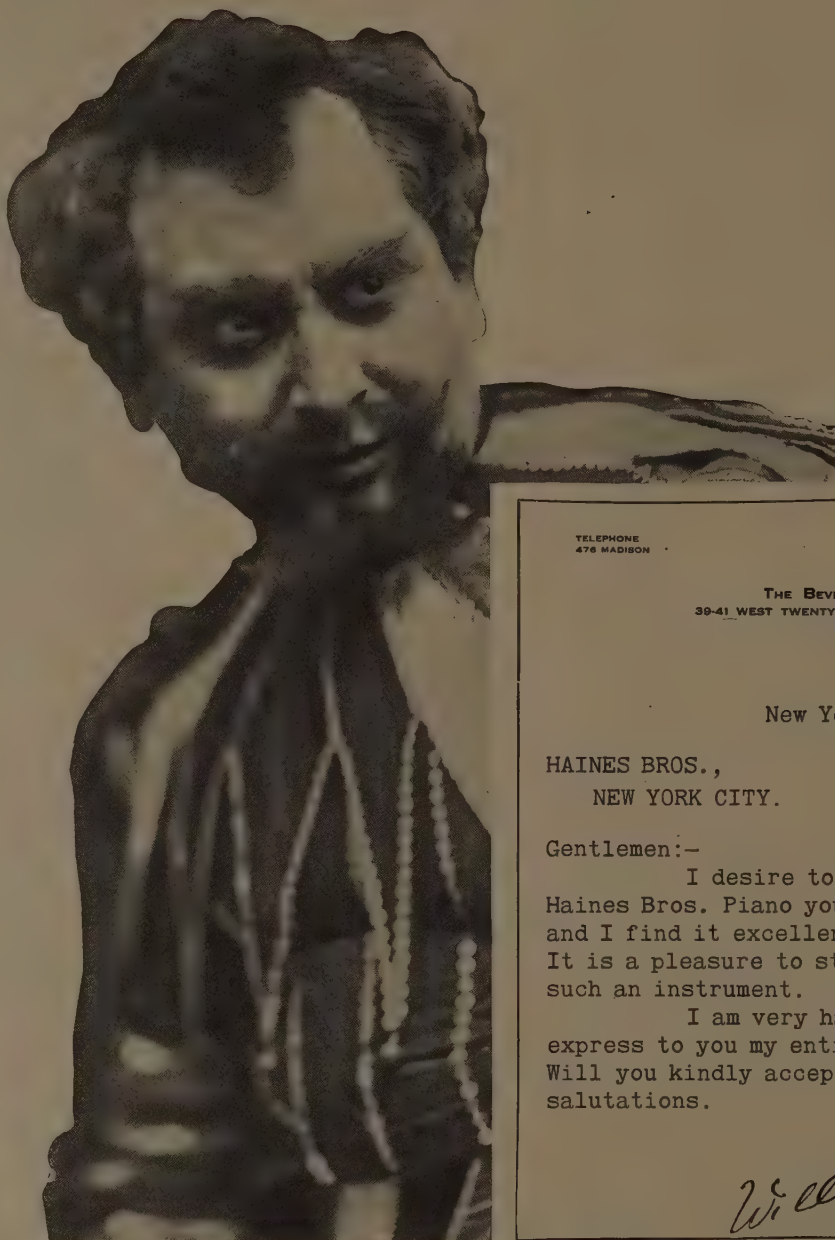
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Black lynx is one of the favored furs of the Winter, and its beauty is well set off in this charming set from G. Busvine, Paris

Fashion's Decrees for Costumes, Wraps and Waists

ASIDE from the beautiful fabrics, color and color combinations are the most admirable characteristics of the new season's modes. These are splendidly illustrated in the afternoon and evening costumes, and to a more limited extent in the separate waist. That most useful of garments, to be sure, has for the time being been relegated to the back shelf by the fashion authorities. Yet despite that fact it continues to be a much liked, as well as much needed, garment by the most fastidious of woman-kind. Naturally it conforms to a great extent to the prevailing fashion tendencies, and its best expressions are to be found in the transparent materials, veiling, trimming and a contrasting fabric.

The fashion idea with regard to the separate waist is that it shall match or harmonize with the skirt and coat with which it is worn. The one exception to this rule is the handmade waist of soft and semi-transparent white washable fabric. Handkerchief linen is the most approved material for this purpose. This lends itself admirably to such exquisite ornamentation as real Irish, Cluny and Valenciennes lace and hand embroidery. For the less expensive waist there is a white cotton with a linen finish, which closely approximates the handkerchief linen in appearance. It comes in several weights, and is an excellent wearing material. Cotton and silk and cotton crêpe are also used for the lace and embroidery trimmed white waists.

The embroidery is worked with a mercerized cotton floss, and often in a color to correspond with the tailored suit which it is to accompany, but the majority of women still cling to the all-white washable waist as the most practical and most becoming article.

Chiffon voile, marquissette, satin finished crêpes and crêpe de chine are the most favored materials for the waists to match the skirt and coat suit. The transparent fabrics are made over Persian printed silks, écreu net and lace. They are generally made with the sleeve cut in one with the bodice, as are the crêpe waists. But these new kimono-shaped sleeves are quite different in aspect from those which we have hitherto known under that name, for designers have now learned to make the kimono sleeve so that there is no ungainly fullness in either the sleeve or the underarm part of the bodice. This is likewise a marked characteristic of the new costumes.

The collarless bodice continues to hold its place in both separate waists and costumes for afternoon wear, but not to such an extent as in the spring, which was the natural season for it. Now there

are quite as many, if not more, bodices made with the guimpe and stock collar of fine lace or net, which is certainly a style much more suited to day wear than one which exposes the neck to view. It is also a style that is more becoming to the average woman, no matter what her age.

A neckwear support for the washable waist has the bone so arranged that it takes scarcely a second to slip it from its silk covering, while for the costume, which must be sent to the cleaner for renovation, there is a support which is practically invisible even under the fine laces that are now so much the vogue.

The vogue of exquisite colors and color combinations is wonderfully well illustrated in the French costumes, wraps and silks being shown by McCreery. These have been selected with excellent taste and judgment from the leading Paris dressmakers and the Lyons manufacturers. Never probably in the history of the Lyons silk industry have more exquisite fabrics been made. There are the wonderful brocades in plain and combination colors, some showing the pattern wrought in metal thread, any one of them fit for the robing of a queen. The Paris dressmakers have certainly outdone themselves in showing how best to use these wonderful silks in combination with the more ethereal fabrics for the adornment of modern woman.

Some excellent suggestions for color can be obtained from the costumes worn in "Con & Co." Nelly Roland wears in the first act a dainty little gown of pale green chiffon and satin, with a wide band of heavy écreu lace on the satin underskirt, a costume that might be copied outright by any young woman. Maude Odell in this act wears a stunning afternoon gown that is a splendid example of brilliant color combination, which really must be seen to be appreciated. The foundation gown is a soft rose-red satin, over which is draped a chiffon tunic of the red-violet tone that is seen in old Burgundy. The satin subdues this violet to a shade that is in harmony with

the rose. The red hue is further enhanced by the bands of velvet which border the tunic, and are used on bodice and sleeves. The only contrast in color is obtained by the use of gold lace for the panel front and on the lower part of the bodice. With this she wears a large hat that harmonizes in color with those of the costume.

In the second act one catches an all too fleeting glimpse of a smart trotteur costume in broadcloth of a lovely yellow shade, and also a long coat of tapestry brocade, which material is the decidedly



Photo Henri Manuel

A charming dinner gown of gray satin veiled with marquissette in the same shade. The bead embroidery is worked in Oriental colors with girdle and bretelles of cerise satin. Made by Leony Cafaré, Paris



Whatever you prefer for your hair, add Woodbury's Facial Soap for your scalp

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Wring a washcloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap and hold it to your face. Do this several times, then, when the heat has expanded the pores of your skin, rub in a good lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub it in. Then rinse thoroughly in cooler water, then dash cold water on the nose for several minutes.

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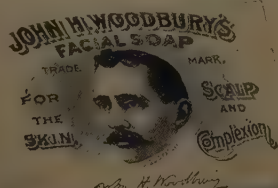
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Photo Henri Manuel

A smart style for skunk is this stole with its four strands laid on a satin ground, and with the big, soft pillow muff made entirely of fur. From G. Busvine, Paris

novel fabric of the season, and is making an overwhelming success in the new millinery. Hats, scarfs and muffs are made of it in combination with velvet and fur. When judiciously used it is quite effective, but the tendencies are to overdo it. The designs are those which are used in the finest tapestry for upholstery purposes, the ground being generally the shade of rich cream over which is spread an exquisite combination of rich and rather brilliant colors, but so happily combined as to produce a soft and far from glaring effect. Nevertheless garments made of it are only appropriate for carriage or evening wear. It combines well with velvet and fur, which are two of the notable trimmings of the season. For the street costume it is used to a limited extent for the wide revers of a long velvet or cloth coat, and for the vest of a tailored suit.

Unfortunately the tailors here do not as a rule accept the Parisian style of vest, which is a separate garment similar to those men wear, while the American tailor generally insists in making the vest a component part of the coat. This quite does away with the usefulness, and limits the beauty of the vest. The French woman uses the vest as an extra garment for warmth, thus obtaining an entirely different appearance to the plain tailored suit when worn

with it from what it is when worn without the vest. Then, too, she can button the coat over so as only to show the merest line of the vest, or she can leave the coat unbuttoned to display it in all the beauty of its color and shape. With us the vest is always in evidence, and the narrow little fronts make imperative the use of a plain material or one of small design.

Anent the new shapes, I had a most interesting conversation with M. Redfern, when he made a flying visit to this country last month. He is quite of the opinion that the hobble skirt was more talked about than worn, and that it never had been accepted by French any more than by American ladies. As Redfern was the creator of the Moyen Age styles, it was instructive to hear what he had to say of the launching of new ideas.

"As you know in Paris we consider the stage an excellent vehicle for exploiting the new fashions. Andrée Megard, Cecile Sorel and Pera are actresses who know well how to set off the new modes to the utmost advantage. Cecile Sorel, who is considered the most beautiful woman on the French stage, has become quite rebellious against the narrow skirts. For her personal use I recently created an evening costume of the Louis XV period, but with the paniers almost eliminated. I was told she created a great furore when she



Photo Henri Manuel

The beauty of sable is well illustrated in this exquisite stole, muff and hat of that costly pelt. Made by G. Busvine, Paris

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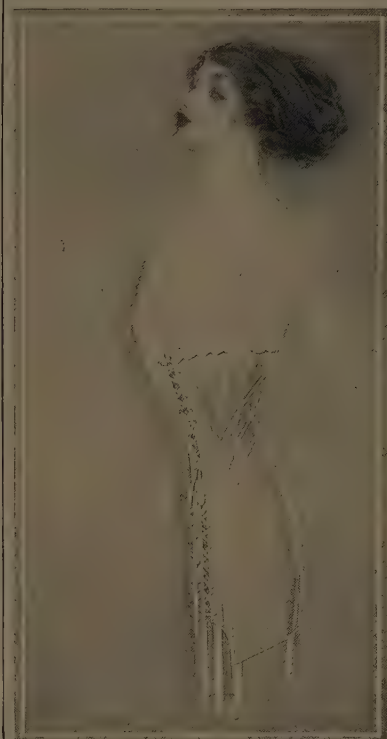
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The bust is medium, sitting close through the diaphragm, taking excellent care of the bust, holding it forward without raising it, sloping gradually under the arm, insuring comfort to the wearer. The abdomen is held flat and the extension of the skirt controls the flesh of the limbs. The back is wonderful in effecting that close, slender appearance to the figure directly at the base of the corset in the back—it positively will not permit the flesh to spread.

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made her appearance in the foyer of the opera wearing it. From this I judge that women generally are quite ready to adopt a modification of the Louis XV styles. But at present we are in the full swing of semi-Greek styles. These are beautifully presented at the Comédie Française by Madame Pera in her new play, which was to be presented the week I left Paris."

While Redfern creates for these well-known actresses, he takes no less delight in creating for his private customers, among whom he reckons some of the best-dressed American women, whose costumes are the admiration of all beholders. His great art is in making for the individual, in which he has few equals.

But to return to "Con & Co." In the last act Miss Odell wears a smart long coat of black satin, with a deep velvet band on the skirt. To relieve the sombreness of all black for stage use she knots carelessly about her throat an Egyptian scarf embroidered in gold. The hat, too, is all black, thus giving expression to the wearer's fondness for this color, for off the stage she might well be called "The Woman in Black," since her costumes are invariably all black or black and white combinations.

In the second act, where she essays the rôle of a music hall artist, Miss Odell's costumes are bizarre and eccentric enough to quickly convey the impression across the footlights. The coloring in the dancing costume might well be used as a suggestion for an evening gown, to be carried out in satin veiled with layers of different shades and colors of chiffon, even though the colors are brilliant red and yellow.

Grace Franklyn in the second act wears a simple but effective gown of lavender satin with a hat of deep plum velvet. In addition she has thrown about her shoulders one of the new satin scarfs in the same shade of lavender and lined with plum chiffon. But it is the way she wears it which deserves to be noted. The right end hangs straight from the shoulder, while the left is twined about her wrist so as to make a little puff. There are so many ways of making the scarf a coquettish addition to the toilet, yet the average wearer seems to consider it only in its useful aspect. Whether the scarf be of satin, velvet, fur, feathers, chiffon or other material the wearer should consider its picturesque possibilities, and not drape it in any one style because every one else does so.

A pretty gray chiffon and satin costume is worn by Nelly Roland in the last act. There is nothing particularly striking about it, but it is a good example of the more refined style in narrow skirts. Speaking of gray, it is a good color in chiffon to use in combination with more brilliant colors, where a veiling is desired which will tone them down. Gray chiffon combines well with the new wool satins as well as those of all silk, in such colors as Empire green and blue as well as other shades of those colors. Many of

the best French dressmakers use gray chiffon to neutralize the brilliant tones of other colors. Black chiffon is also good for this purpose, but has not the cachet of gray. Though it must be acknowledged that black in combination with a color is likely to be more and more used.

Quite a new idea in lining is to be noted. This is only adapted to long coats of the loosely enveloping type, and was shown in an imported wrap of black velvet lined with coral-colored rat-tail cloth. There was not a scrap of trimming to this garment, which relied for its style upon the beauty of its cut and materials. It was brought over by one of the more exclusive establishments, and will doubtless be copied a number of times for opera and general carriage use, where a warm, comfortable wrap, which is at the same time stylish, is required.

Another oddity in the way of lining is the use of black satin for white and light-colored silk and cloth garments. Of course, a fast dye black satin is essential when it is to be used as a lining, else dire would be the results when colored evening gowns were worn beneath. This fad is doubtless one outcome of the English court mourning, for a friend just returned from the other side tells me that an English court beauty created no end of a sensation, and probably launched this mode at the French races one day when she appeared in a costume of white crêpe meteor, a black hat, and a long, white crêpe coat, which, when opened, disclosed a black satin lining. One of the advantages of a black lining for the long wrap to those of an economical turn of mind will be that the coat can at times be worn with the reverse side out.

Another and fetching style of wrap is made of supple satin lined with a contrasting color. This is a draped affair, and so arranged that one long

end is thrown over the shoulder. There is no fastening, no sleeves, yet the garment has by no means the appearance of a cape.

Among the latest models in hats there is a notable tendency to the cachepeigne; that is, the underbrim trimming at the back. This is mostly seen in the hats of medium size. The brims of such models are straight or droop slightly in front, and stand out at the back. It is a smart style for those who can wear it, but is not one that is generally becoming to American faces.

The little bavolets, as the caps are called which are worn under certain shapes of picture hats this season, are commanding more and more attention. The latest ones have more of the air of a boudoir cap than of an East Indian turban, and are more becoming to most faces. These dainty little confections give a piquant air to the wearer that is most bewitching. By the way, the name comes from the cap worn by the peasant women in some of the French provinces, who, when they do wear hats, wear big, broad-brimmed ones, and clap them on over their neat white-frilled caps.



Photo Henri Manuel

Handsome opera wrap of lavender satin cloth with unique collar of opossum. The trimming consists of broad silver lace embroidered top and bottom with a floral and conventional design with Sida floss. Made by Valmath, Paris

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Photo Henri Manuel

A stunning combination of sealskin and skunk is shown in this chic scarf and muff from G. Busvine, Paris



Photo Henri Manuel

Novelty and smartness are happily combined in this long coat of satin cloth with its trimming of skunk bands. Made by Bechoff-David, Paris

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, that is, during the reign of Napoleon, this was a fashion for the nobility only, so that its revival now is in strict accordance with the Empire modes.

Women are only beginning to realize how much depends upon their faces. From birth to death we are being continually judged by our faces. Yet the face and neck are often the most neglected parts of the human body. It is not time alone that makes vast inroads upon our good looks and youthfulness. Ignorance and neglect are equally to blame.

Much may be done to ward off the traces of time, and to keep the complexion in a healthy, sound condition. There is at least one establishment where special treatments are given individual cases. This establishment has the great advantage of being presided over by a lady of distinguished appearance and manner, who thoroughly understands her vocation, and who personally advises the particular treatment to fit each case.

One feels the influence of gentle birth and breeding the moment one enters the charming rooms, whose walls are hung with rose-patterned chintz, which also covers the cushions of the comfortable and luxurious easy chairs. Off the main room are many little alcoves that resemble miniature boudoirs, where, when the curtains

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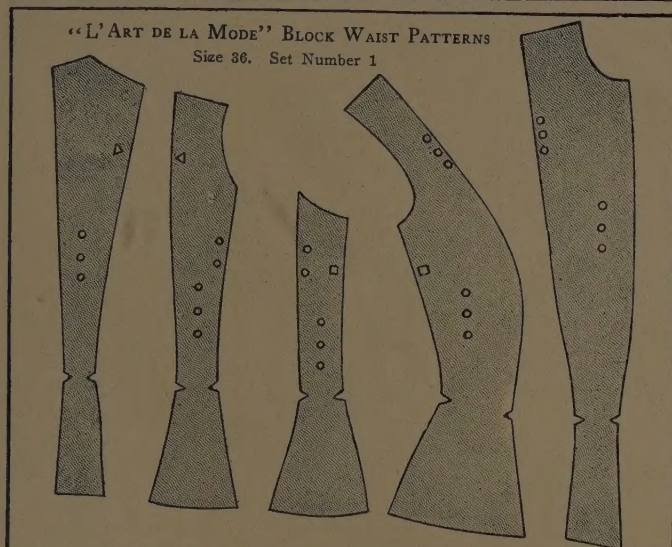
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There are a hundred and one petty skin troubles that most people think must be gone through with, as much as they believe that all children must have measles, chickenpox, and other childish ills. The one is no more true than the other. If proper care is taken of the skin there is no necessity for it to be marred by the slightest blemish.

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The facial cream which goes with this soap is so admirably compounded that it feeds and nourishes the skin without having to be kneaded in. Just smooth it on gently, and let it do the rest. Kneading the skin is so apt to produce flabbiness, enlarged pores and even wrinkles that it is for this reason I say this cream is an admirable one. It is neither oily nor sticky so that it is quickly and entirely absorbed by the skin. It is excellent to use before applying the powder made by the same chemist, which is guaranteed absolutely pure. This powder comes in four shades, so that if you select the correct shade for your skin there is no danger of its being visible to the public eye.

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Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (October 15): "Alias Jimmy Valentine" at Wallack's; "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's; "Baby Mine" at Daly's; "Decorating Clementine" at the Lyceum; "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" at the Gaiety; "Hans, the Flute Player" at the Manhattan Opera House; "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino; Hippodrome; "Judy Forgot" at the Broadway; "Madame Sherry" at the New Amsterdam; "Madame X" at the Circle; "Mme. Troubadour" at the Lyric; "Mother" at the Hackett; "Our Miss Gibbs" at the Knickerbocker; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Republic; "Seven Days" at the Astor; "Smith" at the Empire; "The Blue Bird" at the New Theatre; "The Commuters" at the Criterion; "The Concert" at Belasco's; "The Country Boy" at the Liberty; "The Deacon and the Lady" at the New York; "The Deserters" at the Hudson; "The Family" at the Comedy; "The Girl in the Train" at the Globe; "The Little Damsel" at Nazimova's; "The Mikado" at the West End; "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" at Maxine Elliott's, and "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Herald Square.

English Spoken

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Modes

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